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VOL. XL.

No. VIII.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque VALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

MAY, 1875.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XL.

MAY, 1875.

No. 8.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '76.

JOHN B. GLEASON,

WILLIAM W. HYDE,

ELMER P. HOWE,

JOSEPH H. MARVIN,

RUFUS B. SMITH.

COLLEGE DRESS AND COLLEGE MANNERS.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

COULD Polonius have had the opportunity of visiting our little town during the past winter, what a splendid instance of a garment "expressed in fancy" would he have found in that combination of style, beauty, elegance and comfort, which was so often seen on Chapel street. Can you have missed it? Another blow for the "gigantic intellect of the inventor!" Not seen it—the Ulster, the silk hat, the white tie, the top boots? Miserable man, pray for another winter, that sees the symbolization of the four seasons, the day and the night—a combination unequalled by even Harry Bloodgood! The reason for it. A collegian must be stylish, yet not so rigged out as to feel all starched up and stiffened ; so we have the white necktie and the silk hat for style, the Ulster and top boots for comfort. Laugh, if you please, but remember the dollar tool chest with a hundred different

combinations. Consider for a moment the advantages of such a costume. For college duties the wearer is well prepared, at least so far as his attire is concerned. The Ulster and the top-boots save him from the reputation of a fop. Should he desire to call, the silk hat is his salvation. If a ball is stupid or a dinner wearisome without his lively conversation and pleasant manners, he is ready to retrieve the day on the shortest notice, and the top-boots and Ulster are over-shadowed by the glory of the white tie. He bears his motto with characteristic modesty, and to a compliment simply says "Maximum in minimo." Perhaps, this instance seems exaggerated, but it is not, I assure you. College men rush to the one extreme or the other. The Bowery or "Five Points" on the one hand; the Presbyterian Synod or Sing Sing on the other. There is no happy mean, no "rich, not gaudy," no careful consideration of expense. Extravagance or parsimony is as plainly expressed in the clothes of the majority as good sense and reasonable economy are in the clothes of the few. Flaming scarfs and enormous checks have a charm for the collegiate eye, and are in sympathy with the bangers and street rows.

Another phase of college dress is often seen in the affectation of the eccentricities of a class of men whose dress is the result of their habits. Some one has heard that Van Dyke wore a large brimmed hat, that Rubens' favorite garment was a cloak; straightway an enormous hat and beaver cape are purchased; art is chosen for a profession, and one more is added to our menagerie. Bohemianism, too, has its devotees, at least in dress and beer. A slouch hat, buttonless coat, unblackened shoes, red necktie and a diamond pin entitle any one to the entr e of the best beer saloons in town. Broadcloth clothes and long hair mark the tastes of others, so that no class statistician is needed to count at least this one set of men.

In the clothes of a collegian there is always something which, even apart from his manners, renders him known to all trained observers. No one can tell what it is, at least so as to describe it. It seems like the "outward expression of his inward feelings" on the subject of dress;

and though the feelings are different in each, they belong to the same class. The cut of coat and trousers is the legitimate offspring of the student's geometrical tastes. Should those who are wise in the fashioning of men's apparel say the style requires the coat to be long, the trousers to be wide, anxiety and unrest are the student's portion until he has a coat two inchss longer, trousers four inches wider than the style. The remonstrances of the "cutter of artistic garments," the advice of friends, the entreaties of a mother, who thinks that excess in clothes may be the indication of a desire for other excesses, are alike unavailing. A spirit of proud independence, untrammelled by sense or comfort, spurns the thought of dressing like the "towny," whether a millionaire or a poor clerk in a thread and needle store. The Big Bonanza of clothes finds many a victim in the little college world.

Who at Saratoga during the regatta week could fail to tell a student, even without his colors, whether from Harvard or Asbury?

Perhaps a good key to this distinctively collegiate taste is the passion that students have of running a thing into the ground. Are cinnamon sticks the fashion—every student, thanks to the indefatigable industry of our haberdashers, in a week from the first indication of the style, has a cinnamon stick. Perhaps bear sticks rank high in the swell's opinions—immediately cinnamon is discarded, and every man you meet gracefully touches his hat with an imitation bear stick. If at Yale we only had an elective course of studies, by cultivating our individual tastes, we would lose the collegiate feeling which binds us together and marks us as a class; our desires would be different. There would no longer be this uniformity of dress; one would have a bear stick, another a cinnamon, another an orange wood; one would wear the "Garrick," another the "Yacht," the third the "Crown Prince." All would be happy, no one accuse his classmate of copying him and we should have that anomaly, a well-dressed collegian.

"As Freshmen first we come to Yale" very green and foolish, but after three years of good instruction and the refining influences of a college life, as Seniors we are "making love and breaking hearts." To think that all the change is due to our college training and associations! To ourselves the change seems a blessing. The most of us now have a calm conceit and obtrusive cheek, which we consider no mean indication of a knowledge both of this world and the next, and fully equal to the polite suavity and dignity which, as youths, we may have admired in men of the world. To outsiders the change may perhaps not seem so favorable. From a well-mannered and courteous boy to an impudent and vulgar young man is a great distance, but the seven-league boots of unfortunate associations make it but a step or two. Doubtless, to the outside world, we seem very much worse than in reality we are, but their ideas come from our own letters or conversation. A Sophomore, for instance, having taken to smoking, etc., meets during vacation the lady of his heart. Must be something more than a boy, so puffs cigar smoke in the lady's face and tells horrible stories of how bad he is, how many times a week he gets drunk, how he is very brave, poured water down a Freshman's throat when half-a-dozen others held him. The desired impression is not produced, and, Sophomore in disgust says, "Girls don't know anything. They can't tell a smart fellow from a fool." So Freshmen, in the enthusiasm of a first rush, write home all the harrowing details of the encounters of former classes, the legs broken, the ribs smashed, and finally "ours will probably be much worse." What wonder that the anxious mother and loving sister think all students must be "so inconsiderate, so cruel." The stabbing of the tutor, shooting the fireman, smashing windows and lamp-post shades, stealing signs, are exaggerated, all represented as if every-day occurrences, and the "bashful Fresh" or "brutal Soph" finds himself the hero in a circle of friends; such a hero, though, as should be spanked and sent to bed. This spirit of immature imitation of manliness, this desire to shock people, whether by tales of

Sophomoric idiocy or the loud-mouthed and uncalled-for advancing of the most ultra views of religion and science, seems to pervade every class and every clique. Even one of our college papers, which aims to be the exponent of university sentiments, gives an item, supposed to interest the students—"eighteen Farnamites drunk Saturday."

All such statements, whether true or false, grow and thrive in the outside world, like the grain of mustard seed, and give a very wrong impression of our ordinary life.

Of even more influence in forming an estimate of college men are their manners and actions when away from college. The freedom, at college, from home restraint, beneficial as it may be in forming habits of self-reliance, is so recklessly abused that its pernicious influences are carried even to the home circle and to places where the usual allowances for the youth and folly of students are not to be expected. The row, or to unjustly dignify it, the rush at Saratoga is a case in point: the representatives of the two largest universities in the country indulging, at a public hotel, before ladies and children, in a riot which would be a disgrace to ruffians of the fifth ward. The singing of stale old college songs, in the cars and in the streets, not of collegiate towns but in large cities and popular summer resorts, is the evidence rather of boyish thoughtlessness and folly than of a desire to interfere with the rights of passengers or inhabitants, but is just as much a breach of good taste. Dozens of other instances, common to every college, but serve to illustrate the same principle, the disregard or carelessness of the ordinary rules of society.

Among themselves, students of course do not expect, nor is it expected of them by others, that the more formal and arbitrary rules of society should be strictly observed; but it is expected that they shall possess and show that consideration for others which is the basis of all good manners. The majority do give such evidence, but the love of a jest, the appreciation of a good repartee, often overrides it. Even the names of ladies are brought in to

make the poor victim blush and be uncomfortable; even cruel jokes are played to see him start and tremble.

The treatment of one class by another is, perhaps, a more striking instance of college manners. In individual relations with other classes there is, among some upper class men, a most ridiculous assumption of stately dignity, which, however, when a society bum or election takes place, is most easily supplanted by rude jostling or contemptuous familiarity. The mere advantage of the training of a year or two seems hardly sufficient to justify one in the affectation of a superiority which it is impossible to so easily possess.

When with outsiders, the would-be dignified student find his affectations laughed at and his pleasant little ways the butt of deserved ridicule. The interesting little tales of college life—the staple of conversation with such men—seem to have suddenly been forgotten, all his ideas have flown away, and returning consciousness gradually reveals to him the unpleasant though wholesome fact that notwithstanding a college training, a man may still be a greenhorn.



THE GREAT JACOBITE INSURRECTION.

“Yestereen I met him in a glen,
My heart near bursted fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh, waes me for Prince Charlie.”

—*Jacobite Song.*

THE tragic element in the house of Stuart finds only its parallel in the fabled calamities of the Greek tragedy. It is at once the family Pelops and Oedipus in modern history. Its disasters seem scarcely less appalling, and its ultimate ruin quite as clearly determined by Fate. Whether called forth by obstinacy or destined misfortune, it would be hard to fix the climax of the tragedy in any one scene of its history. Politically speaking, its course

was run when James the II. left the English coast. But here begins a succession of calamity and disappointment that ends only with the death of the old Cardinal of York. And even as late as 1745, after five sovereigns of a foreign dynasty had succeeded to the British throne, in the weakness of its old age and exile, the house of Stuart startled the world by a series of events which, in point of dramatic interest, fall little short of the great trial in Westminster Hall or the scaffold at Fotheringay.

The story of this last uprising of the Jacobite party belongs to poetry rather than authentic history. It is not what writers of the present day would call a great crisis. It marks no new event or striking era. Indeed, it seems as if the course of modern history had suddenly paused to give way to the conflict of former ages. It was the last struggle of the old spirit of Feudalism and Chivalry, where all that was high and generous in that system brightened once more into view before it vanished forever. With it ended the last hope of an illustrious dynasty, and the independence of an ancient and patriotic people, grand in the conflicts of many centuries.

The history of Prince Charles Edward's departure from France, and subsequent landing on the shores of his fathers, reads much like a fairy story or a chronicle of mediæval chivalry. And never even there had the true Prince come to claim his own under less auspicious circumstances. In the principles of divine right and the claim of the royal prerogative, the Prince, indeed, was strong. But to invade a great empire there was need of much more substantial equipments. These had their only existence in his own day dreams. Yet without fleets or military stores, himself an exile and the son of an exile, attended by only seven followers, he had come to defy the immense resources and unscrupulous measures of the reigning house. Even his own adherents, in their wildest enthusiasm, were surprised at the lengths to which they had been led. Surely it needed not an oracle to foretell the fate of that handful of adventurers. But the sequel is perhaps the finest illustration on record

of the strength and devotion of clannish loyalty. There were still men of the north whom neither the thought of exile nor the block, which from time to time had thinned their ranks, could draw from their ancient allegiance. And no sooner had the Prince's standard been raised than the old enthusiasm burst forth with almost its ancient brightness. The whole country was aroused. Watch-fires burned on the hill-tops; the mountain fastnesses once again re-echoed the notes of the pibroch. The old chivalry of Scotland, that had been dead for three centuries, lived again. And in less than three weeks, the Prince, as it were by magic, found himself at the head of a formidable army.

Here begins that celebrated march to the ancient capital of Scotland. And whatever may have been their infatuation, no true student of history can follow the wanderings of those gallant men unmoved. Their line of approach lay through a region of country suggesting at every step some memory dear to Scottish fame. The exiled heir of the Stuarts stood on sacred ground. Each hill, each valley, the very stones under his feet, might tell of the triumphs and trials of his unhappy race. There was Bannockburn, where Bruce had driven back the English foe; Linlithgow, the birthplace of Mary, and where in later years her sorrow-stricken mother had found brief respite from the trials of her turbulent State; Stirling, that had witnessed the coronation of a long line of Scottish kings; and flowing past all, the bright waters of the Forth, gradually widening as they neared the ancient city of the Stuarts itself. A few days later, and that, too, was in possession of the Highland troops. It is related that no sooner had the Prince caught sight of the walls than he dismounted from his horse and proceeded the remainder of the way on foot. Whether it was that he might obtain a better view of the magnificent stretch of country that lay before him, or from the conflicting emotions that crowded thick and fast upon him, no one has written. But it must have been with feelings of triumph, mingled with much sadness and humiliation, that he drew near that hallowed spot. Surely in the lives of few men has

there been a scene so fraught with the contrasts of the past, so bright with the possibilities of the future. It is perhaps the strangest episode in all the strange history of the Stuarts. All that the young adventurer had dared to wish for seemed now within his grasp. That vision of empire that had followed Mary through twenty years of captivity, that had stretched like a mirage before three generations of exiles, seemed at last to assume the definite features of reality. Though it were the dream of dreams, the last descendant of the Stuarts trod boldly the halls of his ancestors. And the walls of Holy Rood rung with such wassail and shout as they had not heard since the court of Mary kept time to the measures of Rizzio.

Poetry and Romance have vied with each other in description of the brilliant court that surrounded the Chevalier during the brief phantom of his royalty. Not since that time when the Duke of York inhabited those gloomy chambers had the city been blessed with the sunshine of the royal presence. And the beauty and chivalry of the land poured in from all sides to pay their lawful homage. It must, indeed, have been a motley throng that daily crowded the grass-grown courts of the long-deserted palace. There were gallant youths and fair young maidens whose lips had never yet touched the royal hand; grim warriors whose names were feared in the vale of Glenfennan and the regions Kinlochmoidart; gray-haired courtiers, who sixty-five years before had lived in the court of the "Merrie Monarch;" ancient dames that crept to the palace in the faded finery of a past generation—all ready to exclaim with the prophet of old, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

To these simple-minded people all things had been fulfilled. The day that their fathers had longed for, and had not seen, had come to them. The break that had existed in their national history from the time of James VI. had been filled. In the person of the young Chevalier they beheld the champion of all their grievances. He was the descendant of their ancient kings—the heir of Bruce—the annointed of God to rule over

their land. And he was not unworthy of their loyal devotion. Brave and enthusiastic to the last degree, he had united all the ardor of knight errantry with much of the skill and cunning of a modern campaign. He had shared the hardships of a rugged and tiresome march with the meanest soldiers of his ranks, and during all those trying times had never given the slightest token of fear or fatigue. But by his dignified bearing and untiring energy he had more than half atoned for the mistakes of his ill-starred ancestors. And even now, when on the eve of a march from which he might never return, when dissension was beginning to spread in his army, and discouragement met him on every hand, he was the gayest of that thoughtless company.

The history of the march into England which followed shortly after, assumes much of the prosaic regularity of modern warfare. The climax of the expedition was reached at Derby. Here came the last crisis in the Jacobite cause, and perhaps the greatest since the abdication of James the Second. With the characteristic ill-fortune of the party, that crisis was lost. But this time not by the obstinacy or vacillation of the commanding Prince. Indeed, modern investigation has confirmed the wisdom and clearness of his counsel in this, as on many other occasions of the march. And historians are wont to speculate upon the probabilities that lay before the exiled house had the Prince been allowed to proceed to London. Certain it was that forces were marching to his aid on every side. A French squadron was on the way; the Welsh were already in arms; and the premier peer of England would have joined their ranks on the following day. The English court, too, was in the greatest confusion, the king ready for flight and Newcastle in a state of treasonable vacillation. Two weeks later and the palace of St James might have shared the fate of Holy Rood. But at the beginning of the retreat the doom of the invaders was sealed. All that follows from that point is but a preparation for the final tragedy at Culloden. With that battle ended the last hopes of the Jacobite

party. But the loyal spirit of the old race of Scotland was unbroken. Their devotion for their chief in the time of his misfortune rises to the moral sublime. When his army was disbanded ; when he was hunted from mountain to mountain, his strength wasted from exposure and famine ; when he was proscribed as an outlaw and a price set upon his head, they never forsook him. Though perishing from hunger and expecting daily to be led to the scaffold, the meanest among them would have scorned the thought of availing himself of the magnificent bribe of the English crown. They tended him in sickness, guided him through the passes of the mountains, concealed him in caves, and watched with longing eyes the foreign ship that bore him from their shores.

It is related that the Prince never afterwards recovered his former energy or cheerfulness.. The grandeur and calamity of that brief campaign were beyond the endurance of human strength. Driven from city to city by the persecution of the English ministry, he wandered through many lands as one whom anguish and despair had shut out from the sympathy of men. But when thirty years later his enemies point to the miserable wreck of him who was once the noblest of all the Stuarts, we turn to the bright scenes of "forty-five." There is much there to atone for the reckless dissipation of his latter years. Half a century after the events of his early fame, his memory was still cherished in the Highlands of Scotland. His name was never mentioned but with the deepest emotion. Those rude people could never conceive of him as other than the princely young hero that had shared with them the toils and privations of those memorable struggles. And there were many loyal hearts that still confidently awaited his second coming, long after even the old Cardinal of York slept under the dome of St. Peters.

C. C. S.

WAITING THE TURN.

With scarce a ripple 'at our bow,
Slow dropping with the tide we rest,
Brushing the low o'erhanging bough
And shaded from the glowing west,
That draws its orange mantle now
Across the soft brown river's breast.

She, slightly wearied at the oar,
Now has the after thwart, and I
Being weary, too, the other four :
The trailing weeds move slowly by,
And dimmer grows the distant shore
Off where the purpling vapors lie.

And I am thinking as I gaze
Towards that after thwart, how we
Have drifted through these summer days ;
And vainly, too, it seems to me,
For even in this golden haze
The river lengthens endlessly.

Lengthens and winds, until I fear
That I am sadly wiser grown,
Finding what seem'd at first so near,
Drifts as I drift ; and faintly blown,
A far off murmur thrills my ear,—
May be the distant breakers' moan.

Enough of this ; so I propose
We row for home. No, she demurs :
" Likes drifting well enough, and knows
The tide soon turns, and much prefers
Ebbing along until it flows ;
See there—the shore line hardly stirs."

Pause. " Now will you ever learn
The ways of tide and wind and weather?
Just keep your seats, leave me the stern,
Don't bother me about my ' feather,'
But wait until the tide comes in
And then we two'll drift back together."

“NOBLESSE OBLIGE.”

IN this age of ours which Carlyle pronounces so mechanical, the old spirit of *noblesse oblige*, too, has long since found its machine. A religion occupies its place, rational, but blindly superstitious. Few are to be met with who set up for themselves a tribunal, before which they try every act of their lives. All possess dogmatic rules which rely mainly upon credulity for obedience. Perhaps the result is the same, but how different the motive; the sturdy old motto of *noblesse oblige* breathed such a spirit of staunch heroism, of quiet, unswerving loyalty. It was so self-contained, had no external reliance, appealed only to itself. Utterly regardless of aught but its own brave standard, *noblesse oblige* conquered even fanaticism in deeds of fearless daring. I do not extol *noblesse oblige* in its narrow application to caste, but in the broad, essential meaning of the words—that which made it combine all principles of social relation, from the highest to the lowest, in a code the most generous and the most sublime. Perhaps it never was a characteristic of any particular century. Only here and there in the past does its spirit appear. The chivalry of which it was the motto may have been even a greater failure than history records. But its wisdom and lofty purity, shown in but fragments, have nourished our literature with its brightest subjects. Even the most democratic of men, listening to mind and heart, can but regard a class of men truly actuated by *noblesse oblige* with the utmost respect and the deepest admiration; that aristocracies have failed—that race after race of patricians have lost themselves in weakness, all but serve to show the loftiness of this ideal code. Its aspirations were so sternly self-sacrificing, so unshrinkingly self-reliant. It appealed to the very truest, highest, and bravest. The question often presents itself of whether a true, high sense of honor or a strong religious belief is the best guide of life. Of course, it is evident enough that a sense of honor proceeds from some innate religious principle; but honor as a motive

power in life differs as widely from Christianity as does Mohammedanism or the ancient worship of the gods. Honor combines every principle of right known to Christianity, but its god is self. Not a paltry foolish exaltation, but a high, noble self-worship—one of sacrifice, endurance and devoted heroism. Far be it from me to utter a syllable against Christianity. I desire simply to compare the two as systems of social relation. Both have a morality in common; but he who follows honor as a system of life must be brave and strong in himself, endowed with a determined, unyielding individuality. The comparison becomes involved. To return to the *noblesse oblige* of poetry and romance, of stately chevaliers and sword-flashing gallants. What bright scenes fiction brings up before us—heroic cavaliers engaged in deeds of reckless daring, brave gentlemen following their honor even to death, with a bearing ever courteous, kind and gentle. Who has not sympathized with *noblesse oblige* when thus presented? Who has not uttered a half wish that the system were practicable? Poetry and fiction always tend to idealize and exalt every subject they treat; they depend upon this to inspire interest. But strive they ever so much, *noblesse oblige* stands above all exaltation, all idealization. The egoism of the system was the very highest. It made humanity symbolize divinity, worshipped self devoutly, as a god; but withal, steadily and with no hesitation pointed out to its followers the highest, truest and grandest duties of life. Selfishness had no place here—there was room alone for generosity, bravery and self-sacrifice. Lord Lytton fancifully and—it may be—truthfully sketches the coming race of men as almost godlike. The principle at the bottom of their elevation is self-dependence, self-reliance in their own advancement. Reason guides them. *Noblesse oblige* had more than reason. In it was all the wisdom that the mind could conceive, all the generous courtesy that the heart could prompt. When this old system is again revived, and its followers succeed in living up to their creed—then in truth Bulwer's picture may be realized.

H. R. B.

MISS MABEL.

MISS MABEL has not yet made her entrée into fashionable life. Some years are to elapse before she will be "out," and I pray that they may be many. Indeed, Miss Mabel is but eleven years old, and I reveal the secret, conscious that I have her pardon if I do offend. Now, her sister Elizabeth is twenty, and fair and lovely. Proud as she is to be noticed as "that lovely and fascinating blonde, Miss El—z—b—th Bl—nt," in the society gossip of the *Home Journal*, she would never forgive me should she happen to discover the brief notice of the charming self.

I met Miss Elizabeth at the Timmins'. Very nice fellow, old Timmins. Sound on "the street"—white waistcoat like the sail of a schooner—excellent vestryman—capital wine—and very jolly times he gives. His eldest son, Augustus, found me at one of those orthodox convivial affairs looking at photograph albums and inspecting bric-a-brac. Believing that I was bored, up he rushed with me to Miss Elizabeth Blount, introduced me and left us—to the weather—Albani—Wagner's music and various other subjects of the like nature usually discarded by young ladies and young men with singular ease, grace and elegance at such evening assemblies.

Elizabeth, the fair and lovable, quite enthralled me—patronized me with all the calmness of a second season—weighed me, analyzed me and completed her judgment of me whilst demolishing a lemon ice during the interval between the Redowa and the Lanciers.

In despair I am about to tear myself away as she dismisses me with a Parthian glance and a good night, Mr. Browning—when enter Blount Pére, apoplectic and rubicund, effervescent and beastly. He catches my name and his breath at the same time. "What, Browning? God bless me. No, sir. A son of old Green Browning, my old friend! Why we were boys together, sir, in old Bronson's—Bronson, Jenkins & Co. in '48. God bless

me, sir. A chip of the old block. Remember him well, sir. What days those were! God bless me, sir. Come and see us, sir. We shall be glad to see you. Elizabeth will be glad to see you, sir. Won't you?" Elizabeth says "Come," her eyes say "Come," and she departs with old Blount, firing off God bless me's, fainter and fainter, like minute guns. Sweet to see such true friendship between Blount and Timmins. They trust one another's wives.

Suffice it to say that I called—called often, and fancied that I had quite won my way into the hearts of the whole family. Miss Blount I found entertaining, agreeable and devoted to Chopin, with all the charms and accomplishments and graces to be found in most young ladies of the present. I cannot blame her, neither am I hypocritical when I say I found her no different than countless Elizabeths and Margarets and Marys who shall be nameless here forevermore.

Exit Elizabeth, enter Mabel. But a short time ago, whilst making my usual call and playing the agreeable to the fair Elizabeth and her friend Miss Sturtevant, enter that little snob Ayman and that companion snob, Boodle. "How de do? How de do?" Then the weather. Then dead silence. Finally Boodle, that incorrigible muff, hits on a happy expedient. "Will you waltz, Miss Blount?" "With pleasure." Then Ayman says, "Miss Sturtevant, will you favor me?" She accepts. Miss Blount brings forth old Miss Miggs, who commences to bang Strauss. Da, da, de, da. Fun, fun, fun. Ayman becomes a man. Boodle looks positively formidable with his height of 4 ft. 2. Away they go, and I, who don't dance, stand with a stereotyped grin, bitterly cursing Strauss and waltzing, and especially Ayman and Blount and old Miss Miggs. Now, I hate the aforesaid Miggs, but conscious that I am utterly *de trop*, meander over, try to turn over the music, make a bad miss. The dancing stops. They all glance at me. Boodle says something. Then they all giggle. How I hate him. Oh! for some balm in Gilead!

A little girl sits in the library reading by the drop

light. I venture in. Blessings on the child. I say, "Good evening, Miss Mabel." She says, "Good evening, sir." She is studying McNally's Child's Geography, her lesson for the morrow, and soon I became deeply interested. Again do we learn together Montpelier on the Union as the capital of Vermont and Concord on the Merrimac assembles the statesmen of New Hampshire. Miss Mabel is shy. She says, yes sir, no sir, and finally, pityingly, "Don't you dance, Mr. Browning?" I say, no, moodily. Then the conversation flags and I ask her what books she is reading. Well, she likes Little Prudy stories best and then Uncle Tom's Cabin, but it makes her cry, and Old Curiosity Shop and dear little Nell, and how she hates Quilp. She knows a man like Quilp. He had her dog once. Tom is the dog's name. She don't think Gertrude a pretty name. She has a doll named Gertrude and one called Melchisedec. And how do I like Audsey and Plantagenet, and Guy de Vere and Melissa and Aureola? She says she has dolls named all these, and will I tell her some pretty names. She would thank me so much. Then she whispers she don't like Boodle. He calls her "sis" and takes her by the chin. Would I like to see her dolls? And then they are paraded, leaving a trail of sawdust behind them. Do I know Gussie Fenn? Gussie, I ascertain by acute cross examination, is the quondam bosom friend, but now bitter enemy of Miss Mabel. She will never speak to her again. Never, she says, with a sigh and trembling lip, and I find myself with the aged Melchisedec in one hand and Miss Aureola in the other, gradually becoming a bitter partisan against the offending Miss Fenn.

She wishes she could go to parties and wear a real train and carry a fan. She saw an opera once—Martha—but she don't like it. Do I? Yes, she plays a little—only Beautiful Spring and easy pieces; it hurts her hands so. She likes the Marionettes a great deal better than the opera. They are perfectly lovely. And so the child runs on, and I sit interested, amused, enlightened, regardless of Melchisedec's position and forgetful of Aureola.

Then, just as she is in the midst of a beautiful fairy story, and Ebenezer the prince enters the palace of the Princess Fulloflar, the music ceases and I see a tableaux of Boodle and Ayman and Miss Blount and Miss Sturtevant, gazing at me. "Haw! haw! haw!" goes Aymar. "Don't mind him, Miss Mabel,—Melchisedec, would I could hurl thee at the tyrant," and then I rise and say "Good night, Miss Mabel, good night Mr. Bruce," and go back to platitudes and gossip, yclept small talk.

Then, over a cigarette, I think it all over, weigh the older ones in the balance and find them wanting; bless the younger lady and wake up a positive hatred for that red-headed cousin called Bob, aged 12, who seems her favorite knight.



A DANGEROUS TENDENCY.

THACKERAY, in the opening of "Henry Esmond," treats us to a very clever satire upon the unwillingness of historians to record any facts not strictly within the domain of political history. The Muse of History herself, in all the dignity of conscious aristocracy, is represented as repelling the approach of vulgar personages with a freezing *hauteur*. However richly that august lady deserved the castigation, I am sure that her sister of the Drama has not been a whit behind her in ignoring the "common herd." That tragedy could find its subject and characters in the walks of every-day life, seems to have been an idea never once entertained by our ancestors. It was a matter of course that the goddess should mingle in the society of the high-born alone. Recently, however, one writer has dared to introduce an innovation. She has written in the form of novels, tragedies of the highest order—tragedies which by some critics are held to be the rivals of Shakespeare's—tragedies which breathe the very spirit of Sophocles—and yet the characters are the

ordinary people, and the incidents, the commonplace experiences that one meets with in every-day life. I need hardly say that the name of that author is George Eliot.

Now, however much we may admire the talent displayed, I believe that writing of this kind is dangerous in its tendencies. It is a statement often made that the reading of yellow-covered literature incites to crime. Why? Because while the crime of hero or heroine are painted in fancy's most attractive colors, the acts themselves are taken from real life, and nothing seems easier than to imitate them. We should therefore say that if all yellow-covered literature could be confined to acts of Buffalo Bill on the prairie or of desperadoes in the time of Cœur de Lion, it would have a most beneficial effect upon public morals. The interest excited would be confined to feeling, and would not find vent in action. The argument can be extended to Tragedy. As long as tragedy is confined to the exceptional circumstances of life, our sympathy is merely intellectual and will not materially affect our actual life. But, when tragedy once descends from the exceptional to the ordinary, the result will be practically injurious. Especially if, as in the case of George Eliot, not only is the tragedy itself taken from common life, but *all* common life is shrouded by the author in tragical gloom. From the beginning to the end of her novels the reader feels painfully conscious, even in those parts which are ostensibly humorous, that there lurks somewhere a concealed skeleton, and, if only the senses were but a little sharpened, that he might hear the rattling of its bones.

The tendency of this kind of writing is to foster the spirit of judging our common life rather by the standards of tragedy than of plain common sense. There are, it must be confessed, many experiences in the life of almost every one that only need to be seen in the light of the tragical to become tragedy. Is it best, however, to see them in this light? Is not the prosaic view of life the wisest? And is it not pernicious to set up in real life the

standards of a tragical sentiment? I shall try to show the practical dangers of such a tendency by two considerations.

In the first place, the judging of life from the tragically sentimental rather than the practical is sure to be accompanied by great discouragement.

I think we often mistake in limiting this tendency to particular classes. It may—it does exist among the rough and uncultivated, as well as among those who have leisure for indulging it. Indeed, it is perhaps more prevalent among the former than among the latter. Yet, wherever we find the feeling of discouragement, it is almost always sure to have been caused by dwelling too much upon what is commonly called “the dark side.” Dickens furnishes us with a case just in point. “I am a lone, lorn creature,” said Mrs. Gummidge, “and every thing goes contrary with me.” Here is just the state of mind referred to. While ignorant Mr. Pegotty, out of the simplicity of his heart, furnishes us with the philosophical cause. “She’s been thinking of the old ‘un!” Now here was a woman who probably could not have told you the meaning of either tragedy or sentiment, and who was yet the victim of tragical sentimentality. She carried around with her a consciousness that nothing would be fortunate that she had any thing to do with, and that consciousness was so much dead weight upon herself and her friends.

In the second place, this tendency leads to the modifying of accepted moral laws.

The man who regards his life from the standpoint of the tragically sentimental will soon come to wear lightly the chains of commonplace morality. As Horace says of Achilles, “he will deny that laws were made for him.” Take for example the case of Othello. How much effect would it have upon him, while the fierce storm of jealousy is raging in all its fury within his soul, to plead the sixth commandment? But, it is said, that his is an extreme case. True; but it is different in degree only, not in kind. The same feeling that, when it becomes the ruling

passion, leads to Heaven-daring crimes, when it exists only as a minor power, leads merely to some trivial offence against morality. Thus tragical sentimentality arouses in Othello a jealousy only to be satisfied by the death of Desdemona. In many an other, however, its results merely in brutal unkindness to the suspected wife, or in reckless dissipation. The degree, therefore, to which such a spirit is allowed will determine the extent to which morality is sacrificed. But the least encouragement of this spirit will inevitably be followed by a corresponding deviation from the rules of morality.

I deplore, therefore, the increasing popularity of George Eliot and her school, because I believe it fosters the spirit of tragical sentimentality—a spirit that in its practical workings has the two pernicious effects already spoken of, besides destroying all power of correctly estimating character either in ourselves or others. For how can character be rightly estimated when the reality of the actual becomes the unreality of feeling, and right and wrong are determined by the regard paid to the emotional, rather than by adherence to the principles of rectitude? This is shown most clearly by Macaulay when summing up the arguments urged in defense of Charles I., both by himself and his friends. “We charge him with having broken his coronation oath—and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates—and the defence is that he took his little son upon his knee and kissed him! We charge him with having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having for good and valuable considerations promised to observe them—and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o’clock in the morning.”

Such is the result of leaving the good old path of common sense, and of allowing a tragical end to cast a halo of sentiment over the previous life of the victim.

The critics of the present day, however, extol all those works in which this element of tragical sentimentality is

prominent. They call the author who indulges in it a person of convictions forsooth, while condemning the more matter-of-fact authors of the past. But far more healthy in their tone and more beneficial in their effect must be ranked these same prosaic productions, unless, perhaps, the world is going back to its childhood. Manhood will ever find more of true worth in Scott than in Eliot, in Dickens than in Macdonald.

A. R. K.



ONCE ONE IS TWO.

IN the old school-readers, of which the modern "Little Classics" are but an imitation, there used to be a story which never failed to interest, which even the dull routine of class reading could not render unattractive. It was written, I think, by Kit North, and described the terrible anguish of mind, ending in insanity, of the city treasurer of one of the largest French cities, whose accounts by reason of an error were found to exhibit a large deficit.

In the investigation of skilled accountants, it was found that the deficit arose from a wrong multiplication, the treasurer carelessly writing two as the product of one by one. To the youthful pupils fresh from the horrors of the multiplication table it seemed an inexplicable thing that any person should be guilty of such an absurd mistake. But the terrible picture of the maniac pacing the room, and continually repeating the pregnant words "Once one is two," impressed itself on our memories only the more strongly as our minds were little trained and childishly imaginative. The hidden moral of the story, however, none of us then saw, and many who now boast of disciplined minds apparently do not well remember.

The necessity of accurate information is nowhere more strongly seen; the bad effects of inaccurate knowledge are nowhere more marked than in college conversation

and college writing. In most of our heavier and more labored literary productions I grant that accuracy is apparent. I admit that pieces continually appear in college magazines on literary subjects, where the dates of birth and of death, and the world's estimate of literary reputation are accurately set forth, but the accuracy is only the result of reading—the criticism is plagiarized. It is superficiality, and while accurate is not original. Superficiality and plagiarism of ideas is the best criticism I know on the majority of our articles. In these articles, however, will be found many faults, for superficiality implies carelessness, and one who writes on Shakspeare without having read his works may make mistakes.

How long is it since in an article in this Magazine an essay was attributed to an author which one at all familiar with his works would never have so mistaken? But should you listen to the conversation of college men all doubt as to the inaccuracy of their knowledge could be no longer possible. To be sure, we are answered by those who cannot name the original States or tell who succeeded Thomas Jefferson in the Presidency, with "I once knew that; I was crammed full of all that rubbish before coming to college; since then, amid Greek and Latin, Mathematics and Metaphysics, I have neglected smaller questions." It is evident, however, that these things must be known by every one who makes pretension to being well informed. It is equally true that while Greek and Latin is the main study of a college course, the rudimentary branches should not be forgotten. No one can read the news of the day intelligibly without knowing where this battle or that wreck took place.

To be a scholar and to think scholarly one must be above all things accurate. The majority of college men seem to regard scholars, men of genius, as those who have drawn outlines of thought, leaving laborious and wearisome details to be filled in by the humbler thinkers. The outlines, however, must be drawn accurately; the strong strokes must be flawless, or the whole painting is worth nothing. In the Louvre hangs a highly-wrought

marital picture of Napoleon mounted on a superb war-horse, crossing the Alps, while below him, in all the gala-attire of dress-parade, his men enthusiastically follow. The traditional passage of the Alps. In Thiers' history we find that the great emperor crossed the Alps in a heavy snow storm, mounted on a mule, attended only by one guide. A slight correction of tradition by history—and yet it cost M. Thiers days of patient investigation to correct the error and to establish the fact. The investigation was scholar-like.

Inaccuracy is, however, perhaps nowhere more to be noticed than in the quotations which so plentifully adorn conversation. Mr. Jas. Ticknor Fields once made the assertion at a dinner, where most of the guests were professedly literary men, that probably not one man present could quote six consecutive lines from Shakspeare exactly as they were printed in any authorized edition. Such accuracy is of course not to be expected among ordinary men; but the inaccuracy of the person who in important particulars misquotes passages which he has read fifty times is unscholarly.

It has been objected to an elective course that it makes less accurate scholars. It is said that the poring over Latin and Greek, that the critical investigation of grammatical construction, the great attention paid to details of syntax, are more efficient in impressing upon pupils the necessity of accurate information and of accurate knowledge than an elective course of study. It is reasonably said that the young student chooses only those studies which he excels in or prefers, and passes over many studies elementary and essential to the good discipline of the mind. The arguments *pro* and *con* we do not wish to discuss. We only desire to point out how those, whose minds are engaged in the investigation of details, and whose instructors spend so much time over the discussion of minute and secondary points, that this their greatest excellence has been sometimes used for a reproach—how those thus educated continually make use of inaccurate information.

The results of any education, especially a classical one, are not of course to be expected until the process is finished. But the secondary process of education, where the taught themselves teach, where a boy learns to think and reason and gradually shape his mind until it becomes manly, is of little less importance than our real instruction by teacher and professor. It is this habit of superficiality of ideas, this brilliancy without solidity, this ready citation of inaccurate knowledge which we have all so often noticed, and which we all are ready to condemn, and while condemning still continue to use. It is one of the chief stumbling-blocks in the path of scholarship, and one of the most noticeable of those defects, which affixes the stigma of crudity and boyishness upon college writing and college conversation.

W. B.

THE INFALLIBILITY CONTROVERSY.

SINCE in 1839 a promising young member of Parliament published his "Church and State," which Lord Macaulay deemed worthy of favorable notice, the voice of Gladstone has ever been heard with favor and applause by his friends, and with respectful attention by his opponents. It is not matter of surprise, then, that a direct attack from such a source upon the oldest of Christian institutions should be received with interest by all, nor that all should be desirous of gaining some definite notion of the nature of the controversy to which this attack has given rise.

In Mr. Gladstone's first pamphlet, after stating the occasion of its publication, he proceeds at once to the following accusations: "Rome has substituted for the proud boast of *semper eadem*, a policy of violence and change of faith," for while formerly she confined her pretensions to guarding the deposit of faith, now she boldly puts forth new dogma—imposes new obligations on her

followers. She "has refurbished every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused," by the promulgation of the Syllabus, in which liberty of conscience, of speech, and of the press are denied; the Church's right to use force and her claim to temporal power are asserted; and civil marriage, secular education, and free exercise of worship are condemned. "No one can become her convert without renouncing his mental freedom," by admitting the Pope's infallibility, and his own obligation to hold as certain whatever is authoritatively promulgated from the throne of Peter; nor without surrendering his civil loyalty and duty, by acknowledging the Pope's right to universal supremacy in matters of faith and morals. Morals are coëxtensive with conduct, and if the Pope is supreme in the domain of morals, his power extends to all human action. When, nearly a century ago, the agitation for Catholic emancipation began, laymen, clergy, and bishops gave their solemn assurances that they were bound by no such doctrine as infallibility. Now all Catholics must hold that the Pope is infallible in matters of faith and morals, supreme in matters of discipline, possessing the sole right to define the limits of his own powers. Mr. Gladstone also alleges that Rome has repudiated modern thought and ancient history, that she has a tendency to make inroads upon civil jurisdiction, that she claims the right to exercise what is called the deposing power, that recent decrees were promulgated for political reasons, and that she is the cause of the troubles in Germany and other countries.

The extensive circulation of this pamphlet, and the universal notice it has attracted, bear sufficient testimony to the ability it displays; while the number of distinguished antagonists summoned by it into the field, shows that those assailed regard the attack as one of no trivial importance.

Foremost among the champions of infallibility appears Cardinal Manning, primate of the Catholic Church in England. Having denied that the decrees of the Vatican increase the power of the Popes, he proves that for many

centuries they have held the same power. The infallibility is limited to this. The Pope cannot err when he speaks "as supreme teacher, to the whole Church, defining a doctrine to be held by the whole Church in faith and morals." Not as man, as priest, or as bishop is he infallible; not in expressing an opinion or giving a particular order, but only under the conditions named. The term morals does not apply to all human conduct as Mr. Gladstone has asserted, but only to matters pertaining to divine law, that is, to the deposit of truth contained in the Scriptures. Hence the Pope's power is neither arbitrary nor unlimited. As for divided allegiance, whoever believes in a God owes divided allegiance, his duty being first to God, then to the State; and for this Christ is accountable, since it was he who said: "Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

Cardinal Manning next explains the nature, authority, and end of civil society, tells us that there is a higher society having for its object the spiritual welfare of mankind, and states that when these two come into conflict, the civil society, being inferior in aim, must give way to the spiritual. When all the nations of Europe were Catholic, princes as well as people were spiritually subject to the Roman Catholic Church; hence that Church had a right to reprehend or excommunicate even princes, and excommunication at that time was equivalent to deposition. Moreover, the Pope was recognized as supreme arbiter, and acted with full consent of the nations, though against the wishes of wicked and ambitious rulers. The deposing power depended on numerous moral conditions, and is in no manner a part of the infallibility. The charge of aggression is then cleverly turned against the State, by noticing the present position of the Church in Germany. The State has deprived her of the right to appoint her own clergy, to educate her youth, to hold free intercourse with her people, has imprisoned and fined her priests and bishops, driven out her teachers and violated all her most

sacred privileges. The world applauds this, but accuses Rome of aggression.

Besides stating the meaning and effect of the Vatican decrees, and the relations of the religious to the civil power, Cardinal Manning discusses the persecution in Germany and the unity of Italy in two digressions interesting in themselves, but having little bearing on the present controversy.

Dr. Newman regards as the keynote of Mr. Gladstone's attack the statement that since the Pope claims universal supremacy, civil allegiance and individual liberty are at his mercy. The existence of an ecclesiastical authority is proved from the Scriptures: "Obey them that have the rule over you and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls." This authority is supreme, but does not therefore extend to the management of our conduct. Civil law is supreme, but it does not destroy our liberty, nor is the patient, when restricted by his physician's orders, deprived of freedom. Yet how much less is the Pope's supremacy, limited as it is, felt by a Catholic, than the control of law by a citizen, or the physician's restraints by a patient. True, it is always our duty to follow the guidance of conscience, the monitor given us to direct our actions; but since that monitor may err and lead us astray, the necessity arises that it should follow and obey the supreme instructor appointed by God. Even if it were possible, the Pope would not destroy freedom of conscience, since it is by the free consciences of two hundred million Catholics that he is sustained.

The Syllabus, with which Mr. Gladstone finds so much fault, is a list of errors condemned at different times by the present Pope. This list was compiled by Cardinal Antonelli, and sent to the Catholic bishops throughout the world. To understand any condemnation fully, reference must be had to the encyclical or allocution from which it has been extracted; hence to argue from the bare propositions alone is not fair, and to present even these in a garbled and misstated form, as Mr. Gladstone has done, is shamefully uncandid. An instance of this

is the statement that the Pope condemns liberty of the press and of speech, when what he does condemn is the liberty of every one to give public utterance in every possible way to all his thoughts and opinions whatsoever—a license which our libel laws are equally intended to restrict.

Dr. Newman's clear and easy style, cleverness of retort, and readiness in illustration make his work fascinating to the reader, and the noble passages in the chapter on "Conscience" show that, though he scorns all attempt at display, his subject-matter leads him to be eloquent at times.

After perusing the two able pamphlets just noticed, we feel that there is something wanting; for even though Mr. Gladstone's arguments have been refuted, his bold assertion that Rome has repudiated history has not been sufficiently noticed. Mgr. Capel fills this gap in the defence by proving from history that there has been no change of faith in the Catholic Church.

In the year 516 the Eastern bishops asserted their faith that it was necessary to be in harmony with the See of Rome. At a General Council in 869 all the bishops signed a declaration which states that in the Apostolic See religion has ever been preserved undefiled. In 1274 the Greeks professed that all matters of faith must be defined by the Roman Pontiff. In 1438 the Council of Florence decreed that the Pope has full power of ruling and governing the whole Church. Edicts of emperors, letters of popes to emperors and emperors to popes, are given, from which it is also proved that the relation of the papal to the civil power was then what the Church claims to-day.

Mgr. Capel also tells us clearly what effect the Vatican decrees have had upon the faith of Catholics. Before the Council of the Vatican, Catholics were obliged to believe that the Church is infallible in her teaching, but whether that infallibility resided with the Pope alone was not a matter of faith, though generally believed. The Council simply defined that infallibility resides with the Pope alone.

When those who read the attack of Mr. Gladstone and carefully weighed the answers as they successively appeared, began to feel that the controversy was over, the appearance of Mr. Gladstone's second work put an end to such a hope. Our task would not be complete without at least a brief notice of the pamphlet on "Vaticanism."

Mr. Gladstone here renews and broadens his former accusations. As for the Syllabus, he undertakes to show that while its authority is unquestioned, its contents are subversive of man's most sacred rights. The Vatican Council has shown contempt for history in defining a dogma which had been denied expressly by the English and Irish Catholics, and was generally disbelieved throughout the world; and again, by promulgating a decree contradictory to one proclaimed by the Council of Constance. Moreover, the Pope's claim to the obedience of Catholics has been vastly extended, and his pretensions to the right of deposing sovereigns and using force have been revived. The civil allegiance of Catholics, which they boast as of the highest character, though apparently resting on sound principles, is defective in this, that they obey the State only so far as the State does not act against the will of the Pope. The Vatican decrees have given to the Pope a wider extent of power than most Catholics seem to realize, and may involve them in the strange necessity of believing a certain dogma under the rule of one Pope, and its contradictory under that of another.

The chief point to be noticed with regard to this work is that it consists largely of fresh accusations, or of old allegations reaffirmed and strengthened, while little space is devoted to refuting the arguments of opponents. For instance, Mgr. Capel's appeal to history, though called forth by Mr. Gladstone's other pamphlet, is here unnoticed; Cardinal Manning's statement of the relations between the civil and ecclesiastical societies is not treated of; and Dr. Newman's defence of the Syllabus is very incompletely dealt with. The character and tone of the work lead the reader to feel that the Gladstone of to-day

does not differ much from the Gladstone of five and thirty years ago, of whom Lord Macaulay said: "Whatever Mr. Gladstone sees is refracted and distorted by a false medium of passions and prejudices. His style bears a remarkable analogy to his mode of thinking, and in fact exercises a great influence on his mode of thinking. . . . The foundations of his theory, which ought to be buttresses of adamant, are made out of flimsy materials which are fit only for perorations." T. E. S.



POETRY, AND ONE OF ITS MASTERS.

LOVE of poetry is natural to man. From his earliest age he reads it, and what he does read he is sure to cherish and remember. The most interesting books for children are those written in rhyme. As we look back over our lives, how vividly can we recollect the stories of little Jack Horner, who had such a predilection for pastry; of the old lady in the shoe and leather business, who possessed such a numerous progeny; and many others of Mother Goose's delightful romances, that owe half their charm to the easy movement of the verses.

In the childhood of the human race, also, poetry abounds. Our venerable forefather, Adam, certainly struck a poetic vein when he christened his newly-born help-meet, "woman;" while Cain, in talking with the Lord of the brother whom he had slain, adopts a more lofty style of speaking than is commonly called prosaical. Our Bible, the inspired work of God, the Talmud, the Koran, all of the books that have and will greatly influence man, are filled with the most beautiful illustrations of poetical thought and version. A blind bard once sang the same story of a war, that many a bold, rough warrior had related to his tender wife and sympathetic friends. But the grand rhythmical lines of the one were indelibly impressed upon the memory of those who "hung on his

lips," while the words of the others were soon forgotten. Homer sang for the world, but the ten thousand Greeks who told their adventures only spoke for their own generation. More books have been written discussing a single poem than chapters concerning any prose work. In our own literature, poetry stands first and best. The only writings of the Celts existing are poetical. Anglo-Saxon authors were mostly poets. The first book printed in England was on a poetical subject, one that had been rendered immortal by an epic, "The History of Troy." Great Britain has honored more poets than prose writers. She has her "poet laureate," but confers the "bay leaves" upon no other of the literati. Songs move to tears or stir the passions, when the most pathetic appeals and polished addresses fail. Poetry surpasses prose, as the soul does the mind. And since the eternal outlives the mortal, the literature of any ancient nation is principally poetical. To me, weird, fantastic poetry has always possessed a charm; and choosing the great master of the unreal, I write upon Coleridge.

A strange life was his, filled with brilliant attempts and half-performed labors. A poet in the true sense of the word, we cannot read him without wishing that he had given to the world more of the pure gold out of the exhaustless mine of his genius, of which we have only so few specimens. It seems to me, that no one could read the first few stanzas of the "Rime of an Ancient Mariner," and then leave it unfinished. As the old, brown, care-worn sailor held the unwilling wedding guest under the influence of his glance, so Coleridge chains our attention by the magic of his genius. And yet nothing could be more simple than the style of this poem. The stranger tells his story, and the rich rhyme and changing verse and glowing words hold us entranced. We see the albatross as he lights upon the mast, and shudder as the cross-bow twangs and the bird falls dead. And then, when the vessel enters the silent sea, and lies "like a painted ship upon a painted ocean," we seem to endure some of the remorseful mariner's agony, as he thinks of

his companions cold and still around him through his own fault, or trembling gazes on the phantom ship, where the terrible night mare, "Life in Death," is gaming for his soul. We wonder at the imaginative and descriptive powers of the author, whom we can fancy writing this poem under an influence as potent as that which governed his hero. We can almost perceive his dreamy face lighted up, for the once, with life and energy, as the very results of his thoughtfulness and seeming inaction surge in his mind. We can see his eyes, which Carlyle describes as "filled with a confused pain that looked mildly from them in a kind of astonishment," now riveted upon the page and glowing with the fire of genius.

A poem that furnishes familiar sayings and quotations is sure to be a good one. For what is a quotation? A quotation is the expression of a thought in words by one man, which has filled the minds of many who have vainly attempted to define it. Surely, then, he who possesses this mental ability so superior to his fellow beings must be a true poet. And what a store of quotations do we find in this single poem! As, "He prayeth best who loveth best;" "A sadder and a wiser man he rose the morrow morn;" "As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean;" "Water, water every where, nor any drop to drink;" "Oh sleep, it is a gentle thing, beloved from pole to pole;" and scores of others dear to us all.

If a man writes naturally, his works must show at least something of his character, and, judging from this poem, would we not say that Coleridge was a dreamer, a spiritualist, and a strange, eccentric person? The simplicity of his style is due to the influence of the Lake School of poets, of which his friend Wordsworth was easily the first. But it would be as wrong to estimate his writings by this single piece, as to judge of a whole conservatory of flowers by one bud. Let us rather enter the garden and enjoy the whole charming prospect. Here we see that strangely beautiful plant "Christabel," not full grown, but even more aromatic on account of its incompleteness; that lovely little blossom Genevieve; and whole beds of

plays, a few growing bright and green in the glad sunshine, but more, dark and retreating as they cling to the sheltering wall.

If Coleridge excels in any thing, it is in originality. He is not guilty of that fault too common with poets, of borrowing the idea (which by the way they never return) and clothing it to suit themselves. To this sin many of his contemporaries yielded, as the poet Gray, who in his "Elegy on a Church-yard," boldly writes the melancholy Jaques' famous saying, "Full many a rose," &c., as his own. But no poet ever wrote as did Coleridge, though we instinctively class his musical Genevieve with that gem of an American author, "Annabel Lee." To me, they seem the epitome of what rhythmical poetry should be, uniting sound with sense, pleasing the ear and the mind, cultivating our musical and literary tastes alike.

We notice in Coleridge the same characteristic that is so manifest in Hawthorne—of making the unnatural seem real, the improbable, likely, and the supernatural almost common-place. We all have within us some of the same spirit that prompted our ancestors to trust to the horse shoe, the four-leaf clover, and the appearance of the new moon over the right shoulder; that led them to consider Friday unlucky; and caused them to decrease the surplus population by burning their old women as witches. We can remember how as children we dreaded the dark, and even now sometimes feel awed and depressed when solitary at night. To this feeling, so common to us all, Coleridge appeals, and well does he weave the mystical with the natural, until we, perhaps, may startle at the slightest sound, and, without any perceptible cause, glance hurriedly over our shoulder.

Dreams have exerted a powerful influence in the history of this earth, especially in ancient times. But in the world of letters their power has seldom been felt. Yet Coleridge, an exception in every case, composed one of his poems while asleep, and waking, remembered some two or three hundred lines. What we dream about depends generally upon what we have been thinking; thus,

the mind of the poet was so wrapped up in its vocation that even during the hours of rest, it brought forth noble fruit. We do not intend to eulogize Coleridge; his faults were many as a man and as a writer. Fond of opium, feeble, wavering, without will power, he can never gain our respect. His poetry is often crude and unfinished, abounding in uncouth phrases and unsightly rhymes, but still pervaded by a power that can be better felt than described. We cannot but pity him for his many failures, while we admire his glorious attempts. His mind seemed capable of undertaking any thing, but he lacked the ability to entirely control and keep it steadily at work. His hymn to Sunrise stands out, like the mountain it apostrophizes, in bold relief. By far the most sublime of his works, it differs in structure from all others, and shows his power over that grandest division of English poetry, blank verse. While we always pronounce Shakspeare the king of dramatists; while we grant to the *Paradise Lost* of Milton the first place among epics; while *Hudibras* proves the royal ridicule of Butler, and little Alex. Pope shines the brightest of artificial verse makers; while we admire the descriptive powers of Byron, the martial music of Scott, and the tender simplicity of Burns; let us bow low to Coleridge as the prince of the unreal, the bard, paramount, of the mystical.

A. G.

NOTABILIA.

We have been down to the boat house, after everybody else, to be sure; yet we wished to wait till it was in active operation, so that we might judge of all its advantages. Its pleasant exterior leads us to contrast it with the old shed which served its purpose so well. Only a quarter of a century of boating, and what a growth is manifest! Involuntarily we think of the first regatta on Lake Winnebepesogee, when four twelve-oared barges were all the boats entered; when the Yale Navy rejoiced in the possession of *six* boats; or of those later days, when the races took place on Lake Quinsigamond, and shells were first used. Then, boating needed to be defended. It was necessary to quote from the experience of English universities to prove its usefulness, and to show that it ought to be allowed to exist; now, this boat house stands as a mark of the appreciation in which boating is held; and is the more significant in that it is largely the gift of graduates, who thereby testify their approval of this branch of physical training.

The interior of the structure is in keeping with the exterior. Convenience is the striking characteristic of the lower floor. At the same time, it seems as if the architect must have had a desire to display the resources of the navy to the best advantage, for the number and variety of boats which meet the eye is impressing. Up stairs, everything that is necessary for the comfort of the oarsmen is provided, and the reception room and the broad piazza are, we suspect, designed for the enjoyment of their friends. We must confess that we are a little surprised that some croakers have not inveighed against this investment of money in an inlaid floor and substantial furniture, as a misappropriation of boating funds. Probably public sentiment has overawed all such men. However, it is now too late for them to express their disapproval. Besides the appropriateness of having a suitable place to receive lady friends, and a pleasant retiring

room for gentlemen in case of a sudden shower, which makes the piazzas untenable, the modest elegance of the room is in itself an advantage to the boat house, securing better usage for the whole building than if it were merely a bare room designed simply for utility.

It is to be hoped that the interest in rowing which has been stimulated by the completion of the boat house will not subside before some one of the proposed plans for making it of general use to all members of the university shall be adopted. Unless some system is inaugurated, it will only be of benefit to the crews and the few who own boats. The majority will frequent it as much as they do the gymnasium, and with as much profit. The experiment last winter of having regular instruction in gymnastics for the Freshmen by an expert, proved satisfactory. More interest was manifested at the end of the term than at the beginning, and next year, if the Faculty secure the services of the same gentleman, we may expect to see a creditable exhibition, in which a large number will take part. Something of this kind must be done in boating. It not only needs to be made cheap and interesting, but men must be taught to like it. The large class of men who liberally contribute to the navy, but who scarcely enter a boat during their college course, ought to be provided for. They may have inclination for rowing and yet not have the patience to master it without other opportunities for learning than simple imitation of more experienced men. They need instruction and encouragement. We do not wish to be understood as recommending the establishment of a professorship of rowing, but simply to suggest the feasibility of attending to the interests of this class of men, while inaugurating a general system.

The programme for the dedication of the boat house has been announced and promises a brilliant fête. Aside from the speech-making, which ought to be interesting, the review will be a prominent feature. The harbor, glistening with oars and variegated with uniforms and flags, will present a spectacle unequalled since the days

of the barge clubs, when the commodore and fleet captains held the annual review. We hope that it will be a success, so that it may be kept up as one of the attractions of the races hereafter.

The ball in the evening will be a regatta ball on a small scale, and far more enjoyable, owing to the lack of excitement and the cool and spacious hall. Perhaps this will establish a precedent, and in this way the place of the spoon exhibition will be supplied.

College singing scarcely needs stimulus in third term. The warm evenings attract the crowd to the fence, and naturally singing is the result. This term there has been less than usual; or rather, there has been less of that degree of excellence which was given last year and the year before. The constant practice of the class glee clubs during the winter made it possible to have some concert music in addition to the old fence songs. The friendly rivalry of the '75 and '76 clubs was a gain to the college in more ways than one. Club singing not only affords a temporary diversion, but makes everyone familiar with their songs, so that eventually some of them are adopted as college songs. Class glee clubs, although they involve considerable labor, are valuable and pleasant organizations. Not the least among their advantages is the benefit to the members themselves; the constant practice which trains men to fill positions on the Yale Club. In fact, these class clubs are the only source of recruits for the university club, and it should therefore be a matter of pride as well as duty on the part of the lower classes to maintain the excellence of their clubs.

In the days of the Beethoven Society there was a large chorus from all classes, and music of a difficult character was performed in public. This society died but four or five years ago, of neglect. Judging from its early success, there seems to be no reason why it might not be revived in some form and perhaps incorporated with the Yale Glee Club. With as many singers as there are in college, there might be a very creditable organization of this kind maintained.

At some of the Beethoven concerts the Yale orchestra used to play, but within the memory of the present collegian this band has made no appearance, except in a desultory way at Thanksgiving Jubilees. Harvard has a Pierian Sodality coördinate with her glee club, and apparently quite as successful. If report is true, there is a nucleus for such an organization in the Sophomore class, and we hope for the sake of the college that they will continue, and if practicable, develop into a university orchestra. With the prestige of the Beethoven Society and the Glee Club, the musical advantages in the city, and the Lowell Mason library at the Theological School, the musical culture of the college ought to increase and manifest itself in better singing than we have at present.



MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

April 24 and May 17

Are the dates of the right ascension and declination of the fixed, not over-brilliant, yet steady star of the Memorabilia. It is the month of May, so favorable to the early-rising, worm-catching bird, warranted also to hasten the oriental hour, "For May will have no sloggardie a-night, The sesoun priketh every gentle herte, And maketh him out of his sleepe to sterte," and say, what are those silvery tones I hear so sweetly sounding through the sky serene? 'Tis the knell for—Chapel. Thus the old poet would have written, had he lived in these times. Now, when he wrote the above, he thought he had discovered a peculiar and unique property belonging to the month of May alone, yet such is the march of science that the mere change of Chapel to half an hour earlier, it is found, pricketh every gentle heart so much that the month is nothing in comparison. Now doth the antic bird disport throughout the green, and the no less jovial student rejoiceth in his new spring apparel, and, sitting on the fence, baketh himself in the warm sun; and even the young charter oak in front of Durfee hath signs of returning life. But for the unprecedented violence of many showers of the

terror-causing funereal bean, to which this latitude is at this time so liable, the weather might be said to have behaved very commendably this month. The snow is gone, no more to be recorded in memory, and now we begin to look forward to the summer vacation, of whose approach we are reminded by the

Commencement Appointments,

Which were given out April 29, and are as follows: Samuel H. Barnum, "Agassiz;" Eugene Bouton, "The Guelphs and Ghibelines;" Carl T. Chester, "Recluseness, a Failure;" John A. Garver, "Herbert Spencer;" Henry S. Gulliver, "Individuality;" James Hillhouse, "The Statesmanship of Sir Robert Peel;" Clark P. Howland, "The Intellectual Element in Christian Character;" Timothy J. Lee, "Results as Criteria;" Charles L. Noyes, "Andrew Jackson's Administration;" Lewis T. Reid, "The Higher Education: Who is to Pay for it?" William R. Richards, "The Agricultural Laborers of England;" Charles T. Russ, "Judas Maccabæus;" John S. Seymour, "The Relations of Turkey;" Edward W. Southworth, "Samuel Taylor Coleridge;" Robert D. Townsend, "Two of Shakespeare's Villains;" Henry M. Walradt, "The Homeric Discussion." Mr. Barnum, at his own request, was excused, and whether Mr. Russ shall be excused or not depends upon the choice of Salutatorian. The college has also been indulging in another

Match Debate,

This time between '76 and '77, in Linonia Hall, April 28, on the question: *Resolved*—That Church Property should be Taxed. The speakers were, aff., Sophomores: Whitehead, Chapin, Goodell, Gager; neg., Juniors: Blaine, Phelps, Worcester, Hadley; and the judges, Messrs. Greene Kendrick, '72, and Farnam, '74, with Prof. Packard as referee. The debate on each side was well systemized; on the Sophomore's side, as it seemed to us, rather too much so, however; as the later speakers showed a tendency to base their arguments upon foundations which they assumed to have been laid by their predecessors, but which, in point of fact, had either not been laid at all or had been diligently demolished by their antagonists and carried away to their own edifice. Yet there was good speaking on both sides, though the Sophomores were placed at a great disadvantage in that Mr. Gager, who was to sum up for them, was prevented by illness from concluding his argument. The judges, after conferring together, gave their decision in favor of the Juniors, thus leaving them the champions. One or two of the gentlemen just named also distinguished themselves in a

Spelling Match

At Music Hall the next evening. The contest was gotten up by the Women's Board of Missions for a charitable purpose, and the participants were on one side forty ladies of New Haven and about as many students on the other. Prof. Northrop presided, and in a rather witty little speech announced that it must be understood that the match was not between Yale College and the High School, but between some students of the College and some ladies of the city; by which provident remark he averted from the college the discredit of the defeat. He then proceeded to introduce the Sheffield Glee Club, which, owing to the absence of some of its members, did not sing their alphabetical song with very eminent success. Moreover, Miss Sanford of this city, both at this time and later in the evening, sang not very badly. Mr. Whitmore, of the High School, gave out the words, and the majority of the spellers made their responses in such a low tone that it was a comfort to hear them declared wrong and see the voiceless beings depart. The first round of words seemed sufficiently easy, yet one student fell on "crowd" and five on "myrrh," which they would spell "mir." Then it was pleasant for the *Lit.*, when any student was shot by a word, to hear the censorious comments of the students in the pit. We never had imagined there were so many good spellers amongst us. "No student should fail on Colosseum," said one to us. "C-o-l-l-o-s-s-e-u-m, Collosseum." As is usual in such matters, the students were inferior on common words and the ladies on words of Latin and Greek derivation. "Aphyllous" rolled along among the young ladies like a ball in a ten-pin alley, threatening not to leave one standing; at least so the audience almost believed, as they watched the word in its triumphal career. The ladies, not at all profiting by the definition, spelled "affilous, afileous, afillous, affilus, aphilus," and other misspells, until one finally gave the word right amid the usual applauding thunders. One young lady had never heard the word Giraffe and did not know there was such an animal. She finally tried with "geraffe," and, this being declared wrong, resorted to the base subterfuge of appealing from the decision, and, when asked to repeat the word as she had spelled it, proceeded to spell it the right way. In pleasing contrast to this, the city papers speak of a certain Junior, who having failed on "Quahaug," was recalled to try again on account of there being another pronunciation, and thereupon said that he would not spell the word, as he had been told how to spell it by another. Behold, now, the rewards of an unblemished character! Had ly—ing been this gentleman's forte, how different the result might have been. Towards

the end the gentlemen seemed sure of an easy victory, there being ten left against one lady, who, however, proved more than their match, and the last student fell on the slippery gum "tragacanth." The first prize, therefore, went to Mrs. Powers, while Bouton, '75, and Goodell, '77, received the second and third respectively. Another spelling match took place on the 5th, in which the ladies were badly defeated, and the contest turning to the students themselves, Messrs. Foster of the Theological School, received the first prize; Mr. Kleeberger, '75 S. S., the second, and Mr. Tyler, '76 Ac., the third. The proceedings were enlivened by a fine solo from Mr. Jones, '75; yet not so much interest was taken in this match as in the preceding, partly because the novelty had passed away and partly on account of a number of affairs taking place the same evening, of which we would mention especially the

I. N. Dedication,

Which was "a glorious victory." The society having laid aside the hammer and the tongs, celebrated its twentieth anniversary by dedicating their very comfortable quarters in the Insurance Building. The dedication committee had the pleasure of stating that the hall was presented to the society free from debt, and recommended two things; that the society should be incorporated and a chapter established in the Sophomore class, to be distinct from the other, and have a different time of meeting. The orator of the evening, Rev. Joseph Cook, of '62, gave a discourse on the subject of extemporaneous speaking. Mr. Cook, who was here for one year of the course, but graduated at Harvard, gave a comparison between the different methods of training at Yale and Harvard, which has called forth considerable comment from the college papers. Whether a person who was in college for so short a time as was Mr. Cook is really fitted to give judgment on the whole literary aims of the course, may, with all respect for Mr. Cook's abilities, be doubted. These things seem different after Freshman year sometimes. Mr. Cook having spoken, President Porter, who was present, was loudly called upon and made a little speech, in which he gave some recollections of his own college days and of society life at Yale forty years ago. A poem for the occasion was read by Mr. Beach, '72, after which Rev. Mr. Twichell gave a "Retrospective Address," and Rev. Mr. Strong, '70, a "Prospective" one. The

Theological Commencement

Occurred Thursday, May 13th, at the College street Church. The order of exercises was as follows: 1. Hymn; 2. Prayer; 3. Hymn;

4. "Common Sense in the Pulpit," Jacob Albert Biddle, B. A., Oberlin College, Galion, O.; 5. "Origen on Inspiration and Interpretation," William Taylor Jackson, M. A., Western College, Poolesville, Ind.; 6. "Protestantism and Free Inquiry," George Harris, B. D., Harvard University, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; 7. "The Letter and the Spirit," Henry Martin Ladd, B. A., Middlebury College, Constantinople, Turkey; 8. "St. Patrick," George Crawford Adams, B. A., Amherst College, Castine, Me.; 9. Hymn; 10. "The Office of Prayer in the Pulpit," Geo. Edward Hall, B. A., Oberlin College, Oberlin, O.; 11. "The Prophetic Element in Preaching," Edward Dwight Eaton, B. A., Beloit College, Lancaster, Wis.; 12. "The Moral Theory of the Atonement," Nathan Hart Whittlesey, B. A., Yale College, New Preston, Conn.; 13. "The Present Papal Contest in Europe," David Sumner Holbrook, B. A., Yale College, Chester, Mass.; 14. "Is Christianity Intolerant?" Chas. Whittlesey Guernsey, B. A., Iowa College, Dubuque, Ia.; 15. Hymn; 16. Benediction. Twenty-four other essays were prepared but not delivered, each graduating member writing one. The closing hymn was one written for the occasion by H. M. Tenny, of the middle class. The vocal music of the exercises was furnished by the Lowell Mason Society, an organization composed of the best musical and vocal talent of the seminary, and formed in connection with the Lowell Mason library. The alumni meeting was held in the afternoon in Marquand Chapel at 3 o'clock, Rev. Dr. Buckingham, of Springfield, Mass., presiding. After the usual speeches, obituaries and acknowledgments of gifts received, came the reception in the Senior recitation-room. The room was filled to overflowing with ladies and gentlemen. A bountiful collation was provided and about a dozen young ladies of this city kindly acted as waiters; owing to whose presence we gladly unite with the *Morning Courier* in saying that it was a very attractive and pleasant scene. The address to the graduates and friends of the seminary took place in the evening at the Center Church and was delivered by Rev. Dr. Burton, of Hartford. President Porter presided. Rev. Dr. Buckingham, of Springfield, offered prayer, and Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon pronounced the benediction. The Theologues, we have heard, pray for the success of the University nine in

Base Ball Matters.

We have three games to chronicle. The first took place on April 29th, between the University nine and the New Havens, with very disastrous results to the latter. Yale seemed to find no difficulty in batting the pitching of the New Havens compared with what the New Havens

found against Yale, as 20 base hits to 10 show, and still more the score, for, at the end of the 4th innings, Yale, aided by some very bad play of their opponents, had counted 14 to 4. The New Havens thereupon changed the positions of some of their men, without such gratifying success, however, as to establish a favorable precedent for such changes in the middle of a game. The success was, in fact, rather discouraging, they being only able to bring up their score to 7 at the end of their 9th innings, while Yale's was 23 at the end of the 8th and more coming on the 9th, when the game was called in order that the players might get to recitation. The fielding of our nine was, in general, good. Jones on first and Bigelow on third, played extremely well, and it is needless to commend Avery's pitching. Hotchkiss, Smith and Williams also distinguished themselves. With the New Havens it was as if some very bad spirits had possession of their best players, making them muff the easiest balls and throw the wildest throws. Of their bad playing it will be unjust to speak. This nine is unfortunate enough; yet their score of 2 to 3 with the Atlantics, of 1 to 2 with the Mutuals after eleven innings, and even more their defeat of Yale by a score of 3 to 1, show that they are not to be judged by this game. We append the score :

| NEW HAVEN. | | | | | YALE. | | | | | | |
|------------------|----|----|----|----|-------|-------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| | R. | I | B. | O. | E. | | R. | I | B. | O. | E. |
| Geer, 2 b., | 0 | 1 | 4 | 0 | | Hotchkiss, c. f., | 1 | 1 | 6 | 0 | |
| Wright, s. s., | 0 | 1 | 5 | 4 | | Morgan, c., | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | |
| Luff, 3 b., | 0 | 0 | 5 | 3 | | Knight, r. f., | 3 | 3 | 2 | 1 | |
| Banker, c., | 1 | 1 | 3 | 2 | | Avery, p., | 2 | 2 | 5 | 1 | |
| McKelvey, r. f., | 2 | 3 | 1 | 2 | | Bigelow, 3 b., | 3 | 2 | 2 | 5 | |
| Gould, 1 b., | 1 | 0 | 3 | 4 | | Jones, 1 b., | 3 | 3 | 2 | 0 | |
| Ryan, l. f., | 2 | 1 | 2 | 10 | | Maxwell, 2 b., | 3 | 1 | 2 | 1 | |
| Tipper, c. f., | 0 | 2 | 2 | 2 | | Smith, l. f., | 3 | 2 | 1 | 0 | |
| Nichols, p., | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 | | Wheaton, s. s., | 2 | 3 | 2 | 3 | |
| | 7 | 10 | 27 | 30 | | | 23 | 20 | 25 | 14 | |
| Innings, | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | | | |
| New Haven, | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 | — | 7 | |
| Yale, | 3 | 3 | 2 | 6 | 7 | 0 | 2 | 0 | — | 23 | |

Time of game—2 hours 30 min.

Umpire—Wm. Doescher.

Scorer—W. S. Kenny.

On Saturday, May 1, the nine visited Hartford to play their first game with the nine of that city, a nine which shows no little improvement since last year. Hartford is a base ball town if ever any. Let a visitor walk forth to view the beauties of the town and if he does not have his hat destroyed or his bodily frame injured by some wandering ball

from the mickies playing on the corners, he may congratulate himself. The game was witnessed by nearly a thousand people, the bad weather, as we learn from a college paper, keeping away the rest. Yale found the pitching of their opponents rather hard to hit, as the score will show ; but up to the 8th innings played about as fine a fielding game as one would wish to see, calling forth the commendations of all the Hartford press. A slight shower occurred in the commencement of the game, which, by making the ground slippery, proved unfavorable to our nine. In the first innings Yale was nearer to scoring than at any subsequent time, having Carter on second ; but, failing to obtain the run, concluded not to get any during the remainder of the game. At the end of the 7th innings Hartford had scored 4 runs, 3 earned. They did not earn any more runs, but by errors on the part of Yale, scored 5 more in the two last innings. Maxwell as catcher played very well, making but a single error, and only one error is to be recorded against Carter on the second base. The fact that the ball had become damp by falling into a pool of water may account for some of our errors after the 7th inning. The catchers on both sides suffered the penalties of their position, Allison being struck in the face by a foul at the commencement of the fourth and obliged to leave his place for the remainder of the inning, while Maxwell in the 8th was only saved a serious injury by the rubber between his teeth, which diminished the effect of a foul tip striking against it. The score :

| HARTFORD. | | | | | YALE. | | | | |
|---------------|----|----|----|---------|----------------|----|----|----|---------|
| | R. | P. | O. | I B. E. | | R. | P. | O. | I B. E. |
| Allison, h., | 0 | 5 | 1 | 1 | Hotchkiss, m., | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Burdock, b., | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | Carter, b., | 0 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Carey, s., | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Knight, r., | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Cummings, p., | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | Avery, p., | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| York, l., | 2 | 4 | 4 | 0 | Bigelow, c., | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 |
| Ferguson, c., | 1 | 3 | 1 | 0 | Jones, a., | 0 | 17 | 0 | 0 |
| Remsen, m., | 2 | 2 | 2 | 0 | Maxwell, h., | 0 | 5 | 0 | 1 |
| Mills, a., | 1 | 11 | 3 | 0 | Smith, l., | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Bond, r., | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Wheaton, s., | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 |
| | 9 | 27 | 13 | 2 | | 0 | 27 | 6 | 8 |
| Innings, | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| Hartford, | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 1—9 |
| Yale, | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—0 |

Runs earned—Hartford, three.

First base on errors—Yale, once ; Hartford, four times.

Double play—Carey, Burdock and Mills, 1.

Time of game—1 hour and 30 minutes.

Umpire—Mr. C. Daniels of the Hartford Amateurs.

The nine played a second game with the New Havens on May 12th, on the grounds of the New Haven club. The game was closely contested. In the first innings the New Havens earned a run, but were promptly blanked for four successive innings, while Yale was not so fortunate as this even, not scoring for five innings. In the first of the 6th Yale earned a run before they retired from the bat, and the game looked more encouraging. Had it not been for wild throwing, which gave the New Havens two more runs in the last of this innings, the scores would probably have remained 1 to 1, as a heavy rain coming up made it necessary to call the game at this point. The number of errors on either side was small. On our side, Smith, Wheaton, Carter and Jones are worthy of especial mention. We append the score :

| YALE. | | | | NEW HAVEN. | | | |
|-------------------|----|------|------|------------------|----|------|------|
| | R. | P.O. | I B. | | R. | P.O. | I B. |
| Hotchkiss, c. f., | 0 | 0 | 1 | Geer, 2 b., | 1 | 3 | 0 |
| Carter, 2 b., | 0 | 3 | 0 | McKelvey, c. f., | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Avery, p., | 0 | 0 | 1 | Ryan, c., | 1 | 3 | 1 |
| Knight, r. f., | 1 | 1 | 1 | Luff, 3 b., | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Bigelow, 3 b., | 0 | 1 | 1 | Tipper, l. f., | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Jones, 1 b., | 0 | 10 | 1 | Gould, 1 b., | 0 | 12 | 0 |
| Maxwell, c., | 0 | 1 | 0 | Wright, s. s., | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Smith, l. f., | 0 | 1 | 1 | Dole, r. f., | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Wheaton, s. s., | 0 | 1 | 0 | Nichols, p., | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| | 1 | 18 | 6 | | 3 | 18 | 4 |
| Innings, | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | |
| Yale, | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | — 1 |
| New Haven, | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | — 3 |

Runs earned—Yale, 1 ; New Haven, 1.

First Base on Errors—Yale, 2 ; New Haven, 3.

Left on bases—Yale, 6 ; New Haven, 3.

Time of game—one hour and thirteen minutes.

Umpire—Wm. C. Dole.

The change of the afternoon recitation in the three lower classes from four till five instead of from five to six, though favorable to the University, has proved disadvantageous to the nine, they being prevented from practicing except on Wednesday and Saturday, and efforts are being made to change all the recitations to the forenoon. Yale received, April 23d, a challenge to play Harvard on May 15th, in which it was stated that it would be impossible for Harvard to play at Saratoga. But, owing to the changes upon the nine and the impossibility of having the new players in practice at that time, it was felt necessary to decline to play on that day. Harvard then sent a challenge for May 22d, which was

also declined, chiefly because a series of games commenced on the 22d could not be finished before the 26th ; between which date and July 1 the college had decided that the nine should not play. The nine has offered to play Harvard after July 1st, at any convenient place. The Harvard University nine, on their way to Princeton, passed through this city and played a game with the New Havens on the 14th. Harvard played a good game, yet not equal to the game played by Yale on Wednesday, and their defeat by a score of 9 to 2 looks well for the future success of the University nine against them, and the opinion was general that, had Yale accepted Harvard's challenge for the 15th, we should have obtained the victory.

Boating

Prospects also look favorable. The grand opening of the new boat house will occur on June 9th, the exercises to consist of speeches and a review of the navy in the afternoon, concluded by a ball in the evening. Mr. S. C. Bushnell has now taken charge of the work for the navy. He will have the care of the crew at Saratoga, of the tickets to the grand stand and the regatta ball, and of the Saltonstall races. Mr. Ferry, assisted by Mr. Bushnell and Mr. Dawes, continue subscription work. The spring races will come on the 5th of June. The Law Department barge crew consists of Johnston, '76, captain and stroke ; Ward, '76 ; Russell, '75 ; Wescott, '76 ; Bristol, '76 ; Metcalf, '76, bow ; Rowland, '76, Ac., coxwain, and Hite, '75, substitute, while the Junior crew will probably be, Cook, Kellogg, Fowler, Harrison, Trumbull, Wright. The barge for the Law School was built by Keat & Collins, a firm of boat builders who are now occupying the old boat house. They have also made several boats for other parties, and it is claimed that their work, while being as good as any elsewhere, has the advantage of being much cheaper. It is to be hoped that this is true and that the firm will prosper, as they may, thereby, in some degree diminish what has ever been one of the heaviest

Items

Of a boating man's expenses.—The 6th social meeting of the New York alumni for the season was held at Delmonico's April 30, and on motion of Mr. Evarts a resolution was adopted "urging on the trustees of Yale College the importance of representing the literary work of the College in the Centennial."—The 42d annual convention of the Psi Upsilon fraternity was held on May 5th and 6th with the Kappa chapter

at Bowdoin College, Mr. Howe going as the delegate from the Yale chapter. The next annual convention meets at Hamilton College.—Harvard has abandoned the magenta for the original crimson.—The Chapel preachers for the month were, April 25, Prof. Hoppin; May 2, Rev. Joseph Cook; May 9, ex-President Woolsey; May 16, President Porter. Just as the President was about to commence his sermon, on the 16th, an alarm of fire was given, which was found to come from Farnam College. The students, naturally anxious to behold the sight, were on the point of going out; but, being advised by the President to stay, remained in their seats and the fire was extinguished without their aid. It occurred in the middle entry of Farnam College, in the room of Messrs. Arnold and Durand on the ground floor, and was probably caused by a cigarette. For a time the whole building seemed in danger, but, by diligent effort, the fire was put out without having done other injury than to destroy nearly everything of value in the room. The manuscript for the *Memorabilia* to the LIT. was in the room above, yet there is no truth in the story that the fire penetrated to this room but refused to go further, being unable to get over the transitions in the *Memorabilia*.—Governor D. H. Chamberlain, '62, has accepted the invitation of the Law School, and will deliver the annual oration at the next Commencement.—Hon. Wm. Walter Phelps, '60, will be the alumni orator at Columbia College.—Pres. D. C. Gilman, '52, has taken formal leave of the University of California to accept his new charge in Baltimore.—The prizes for Sophomore compositions are as follows: 1st prizes—Pyle, Dillingham, Gager, Chapin; 2d prizes—E. B. Goodell, Gould, Merrifield, Kimball; 3d prizes—T. Goodell, Upton, Frost, Thomas.—The Class Supper Committee for the Junior class: Allen, Coney, Frew, Jennings, Shaffer, with Jessup, historian; for the Sophomore class: Barnes, F. Clark, Macomber, Mead, Thomas; Chapin, Dyson, Matthews and Strong, historians.—The pledging of Freshmen to the Junior societies took place May 5th.—Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, '37, has been appointed Attorney-General of the United States.—The Juniors are highly interested in Prof. Packard's lectures.

BOOK NOTICES.

English Portraits. By Sainte Beuve. New York: Henry Holt & Co. New Haven: Judd & White.

But few men of letters have won a more deserving fame than Sainte Beuve. To untiring energy in the investigation of his subject he adds exquisite taste and impartial judgment in their treatment. Poet, historian, novelist and critic, his life was one of constant labor and serves as a memorable example to the devotees of ready and precocious genius. Yet while the most distinguished critic of his age he aspired to a poetic prominence, and the praises which his criticisms called forth, afforded him comparatively but little satisfaction. His volume of poetry—Joseph Delorme—and his novel *Volupté*, were so little in harmony with the feelings of the “austere Guizot” that he declined to appoint to a school vacancy “the author of such works.” Quite a lengthy biography precedes the English portraits and gives an admirable and true sketch of the author’s life and labors. The so-called portraits—five in number—are articles extracted from five volumes of his *Causeries Du Lundi* and one volume of his *Nouveau Lundis*. Their subjects are Mary Queen of Scots, Lord Chesterfield, Benjamin Franklin, Edward Gibbon, William Cowper and H. Taine’s English Literature. The portrait of Mary is drawn with a sympathetic hand, and while admitting her faults, appeals for the sympathy due her sufferings. Sainte Beuve, while he cannot sanction the gushing adulation which the Queen’s admirers are constantly giving vent to, will neither admit her to be the hardened character which her enemies so delight in depicting her. The article on Chesterfield shows a careful study of the man and is particularly happy in the exact representation which it gives of his character and the morality which his letters breathe. In answer to the charge of Johnson, that “the letters teach the morals of a harlot and the manners of a dancing master,” Sainte Beuve remarks, “Such a judgment is highly unjust, and if Chesterfield, in a particular case, insists so much upon graces of manner and agreeableness at any cost, it is because he has previously provided for the more solid parts of education, and his pupil is in no danger whatever of erring on the side which makes a man *respectable* but rather on that which renders him *amiable*. Though more than one passage in these letters may seem very strange when proceeding from a father to a son, the whole is animated with a true spirit of tenderness and propriety.” Benjamin Franklin, considered from a French standpoint, is as admirable and original as our own historians present him to us. Gibbon, with his peculiar tastes for antiquity, is described in an originally charming manner. Fascinating society-gossip, together with a sharp but scholarly consideration of his abilities, renders the portrait an interesting and valuable one. The portrait of Cowper was drawn by Sainte Beuve with the most delight, and its celebrity is certainly well-deserved. A similar moral malady affected both St. Beuve and Cowper, and explains the enthusiasm and loving sympathy with which the poet’s character and works are praised. Highly commended for its consummate grace and skill is his criticism of “The Task, it reveals that certain affinity between critic and poet which is so

necessary to the appreciation of poetic thought. The success of Sainte Beuve's criticisms cannot be said to lie in a few "general strokes," but in a careful, concise and sympathizing consideration—their most notable characteristic. Every thought is given full justice; every word weighed and examined with infinite care. Such criticism, especially by a man of genius, cannot fail to be highly prized, nor is it probable that its conclusions will be amiss.

A Passionate Pilgrim and other tales. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. New Haven: Judd & White.

The principal characters of all these tales, with one exception, are Americans who have crossed the Atlantic, and as strangers have met with many varied experiences. Some becoming enamoured of foreigners, marry and lead miserable lives, discovering too late their fatal mistake; others in a strange land encounter still stranger adventures. The complexion of all the tales is somewhat tragic, but far from being detrimental to their interest, only serves to make them more fascinating. The *Passionate Pilgrim* resembles in a measure that wonderful creation of Hawthorne's—Clifford Pyncheon. A man of extremely delicate sensibilities, broken in health and deprived of property, he visits England to prosecute a hopeless claim upon estates. Strangely attractive in manner and sentiment, he falls in love with the sister of the possessor of the estate—Lockley Park—but dies just as all obstacles to their marriage are removed. The plot amounts to nothing, nor is it intended to serve as more than a simple groundwork upon which to draw the character of the hero. It is to be regretted that more pains was not taken in elaborating both plot and character, for their present merits show that it could have been successfully done, while it would have added more interest to the tale and given a larger field for development in every particular. In the last of the *Valerii* an American lady is married to an Italian count, who for years shows the utmost deference as well as the most undivided admiration and love. But in his investigations in archæology a marble image of Juno is unearthed. From that time the count becomes strangely silent and pre-occupied, and the love which he formerly bore the wife is transferred to the image of stone. When, finally, through jealousy, the Juno, by order of his wife, is buried again in the earth, the count, though ever saddened by the mention of her name, returns again to his admiration for the more rational partner. A very graceful style distinguishes the tale, and the manner in which the conception of a character so peculiarly romantic is carried out is particularly gifted. In "The Romance of Certain Old Clothes" two loving sisters become envious rivals for the hand of a foreigner. The younger, the more fortunate, is successful, but dies a short time after her marriage. The elder sister is then married to the widower, but ever jealous of his affection for the dead wife, she at last succeeds in obtaining from him the keys of a chest containing the clothes of her deceased sister. In yielding up the possession of the keys the husband violates a solemn oath given to his former wife. The elder sister is soon afterwards found lifeless before the chest with "ten hideous wounds from two vengeful ghostly hands." Madame De Mauves is the most complete of all

the tales. An American lady marries a French nobleman who proves worthless and untrue, while she remains faithful though neglected. The only fault of these productions is a certain incompleteness. But they show genius and that of a high order, culture and delicate sentiment. To deride them as a contemporary has done because they have a resemblance to Hawthorne's tales without being their equal, is absurd. For the ability to invest a tale with anything like that peculiar charm so characteristic of Hawthorne is certainly as rare as it is commendable.

Notes on Paris. By H. Taine. New York: Henry Holt & Co. New Haven: Judd & White.

Through a fictitious character, M. Frederic Thomas Graindorge, special partner in the house of Graindorge & Co., oils and salt pork, Cincinnati, U. S. A., Taine has given his impressions of Parisian life. It is difficult to imagine the motive which prompted him to construct this character, which neither deceives or is intended to deceive. Graindorge describes himself: "I am fifty-two years old. I have an income of eighty thousand francs earned in the salt pork and petroleum business, and I am entirely devoid of imagination. What is more, I left Paris forty years ago, and I have been home hardly six." "I only know how to jot down my thoughts when they come to describe the furniture of a drawing room, after the manner of an appraiser, in broken sentences and with all sorts of absurd remarks." Although the short, pretty sentences of these notes must necessarily lose much in force by translation, they are nevertheless wonderfully and delightfully entertaining. A blasé and cynical tone is at times characteristic of his descriptions of Parisian follies. But this cynicism is not of so dark a nature as to render his sketches gloomy and misanthropical. It is light and cheerful, and withal wonderfully unconcerned in regeneration. Yet Taine does pause at times in his hurried, restless descriptions to express sympathy for some poor wretch, but then hastens on the more hurriedly, and in a moment all is forgotten. The artificial manners of the drawing-room are exposed with consummate ingenuity, and the deceptive, graceful, self-reliant Parisienne is described with charming grace. French society as depicted in the notes, and there is no reason to doubt their veracity, presents a startling picture to the moralist, and the Parisian customs now becoming so popular in our own country will be seen to exert a dangerous tendency upon our society, morality and sincerity. The introduction of Graindorge is the weak point in the notes, and the reader becomes tired of the strained effort to carry out this ill-starred conception. But the grace and originality of the notes, their refreshing philosophy and insight, make them especially meritorious and charming.

Transatlantic Sketches. By K. James, Jr. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. New Haven: Judd & White.

In this practical age it has become fashionable for travelers to be scrupulously exact in all descriptions. Ancient castles—the glory of some former age—must be minutely examined and discussed. Superficial in his descriptions is that tourist who neglects to record the date of each foundation stone and to linger in wearisome description over each insignificant detail. But the sketches of James are strikingly free from this fault. He, too, pauses be-

fore ancient palaces and cathedrals, but only to invest them by his description with a romantic charm, and to render more fascinating their strange antiquity. England, France, Germany and Italy are the scenes of his travels, and in a delightfully original manner he has communicated his impressions. A good-humored cynicism gives at times to the sketches a peculiarly lively tone and renders them exceedingly interesting, while the culture and delicate refinement which they evince gives them an enviable merit. Thoughtful and sparkling, they are neither wearisome or superficial.

Encyclopedia of Rural Sports. By J. H. Walsh, "Stonehenge." Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

The Encyclopedia, which, by the way, is a very appropriate name for such an immense work, contains descriptions of all the rural games of Great Britain and America. "The first part treats of the pursuit of wild animals for sport. But the second embraces an account of racing in all its branches. While the third extends over the following long list, viz: cricket, foot-ball, fives, bowling, tennis, curling, golfing, swimming, skating, horsemanship and driving. And lastly, the fourth and fifth parts are devoted to such a description of the anatomy, physiology, and diseases of the dog and horse, "as may enable the sportsman to preserve their health or to relieve any of the more ordinary deviations from it." The many numerous engravings, and the unusual care which is manifested in every portion of it, makes it interesting and valuable to all classes of readers. Nothing which in anyway relates to sports is omitted, and the tables of pedigrees of celebrated horses is valuable to those interested in the subject. Written in an intelligent manner, it is the best work of the kind we have ever seen.

Katerfelto. By G. Whyte Melville. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

This a very neat reprint of a wholesome English novel. In these days of metaphysical novels, which abound in analysis and which are so deep as to be at times unintelligible, it is a relief to come across a simple, well-told story. The plot is well constructed, the characters are well drawn. The description of the stag hunt is intensely interesting and realistic. The horse Katerfelto can be compared with that magnificent creature, Windemere, in Henry Kingsley's famous Australian story. The book is one to be read on a rainy day after a hearty dinner, with the accompaniment of a good cigar.

What Young People should Know. By Burt G. Wilder. Boston: Estes & Laureat. New Haven: Judd & White.

The author, Burt G. Wilder, is well known as Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Zoölogy at Cornell University and lecturer on Physiology at the Medical School of Maine. He devotes his entire attention in the work to "the reproductive function in man and the lower animals." The latest scientific inquiries in regard to the subject are set forward in a very plain and simple manner, but with a full sense of the importance and dignity of the subject. It is written in a philanthropic spirit, and the author severely complains of the false delicacy which is manifested in denying the young a full investigation of such subjects. Whatever reception the public gives the

work, it is certainly a step in the right direction, and the desire to give the young useful impressions upon the subject, and at the same time to deprive it of its "sensual aspect," should certainly meet the support of all right-minded people.

Longevity. By John Gardner, M. D. Boston: William F. Gill & Co. New Haven: Judd & White.

"Longevity" is addressed to persons of middle age and is designed to point out those many diseases which, so incident to middle and old age, arise from neglect or ignorance of physical laws. It is popularly written and entirely free from those medical terms so painfully meaningless to the general reader. Gardner is an evident believer in the maxim, "Prevention is the surest cure," for his advice is for the most part confined to the means by which diseases are avoided. His hints are always practical and based upon a wide personal experience, and for that reason all the more valuable. Far from embracing the doctrine of total abstinence, he recommends at times the moderate use of spirituous and malt liquors and gives many useful suggestions in regard to their evils and benefits. All the most common diseases are discussed concisely and fully, and the work is invaluable to those about to enter middle age as well as those who are beginning to feel its languor and debility.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Sun and the Earth. By Prof. Balfour Stewart. Boston: Estes & Laureat. New Haven: Judd & White.

Insects of the Field. By A. S. Packard, Jr. Boston: Estes & Laureat. New Haven: Judd & White.

We reserve for our next issue the notice of several important works.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Fortunately for all, the warm weather during the past few days bids fair to start in our college papers another and more interesting topic than the relative literary merits of Harvard and Yale. The subject has been so fully discussed that no new light can be brought to bear on it. The question, "which is the better," is probably settled, in one way or another, for each collegian, by the valuable literary opinions of the *Courant* and *Record*. So, passing this over, I will try to show at least one of the causes why our literary productions are no better.

The men in college who write for the *LIT.* have not had the experience, always very painfully acquired, which would enable them to bear unhurt the critic's sting; and the unjust and reckless criticisms which are found in our papers, invariably chill the ardor alike of the aspirant for literary fame and of him who writes for his own pleasure. Many who are asked to contribute refuse, saying they have nothing to gain and do not care to be the subject of

the spiteful criticisms which follow every LIT. Some, however, think they can escape a scathing by choosing subjects on which their opinions are but the echoes of the opinions of literary men. In regard to poetry, there seems to be a determined effort to crush every bit of sentiment or poetic thought, and to subject collegiate effusions to such ridicule as shall effectually prevent them in the future. The sting of criticism is not taken away even though it is known that the gratification of personal spite or a boyish desire to be sarcastic is its object. It is unjust and unfair to criticise college writers as if they were men of large experience, especially when it is done by men of too few years to justify even the definition given of critics, as "The men who have failed in literature and art." If, instead of reckless irony, a fair and friendly criticism were given, past experience would justify us in expecting that more interest would be taken in literary training, and that our productions would be much better.

The LIT. box during this month has been filled to overflowing, on the arrival of each mail, with exchanges from all quarters of the globe. The weather must have been comparatively cool to enable the collegiate mind to grasp with ease such weighty subjects as "Modern Solar Research" and "Spiritism and the 'Spirits.'" The first article is in the *Bates Student*, and gives an exhaustive account of solar spots, protuberances, etc., which no doubt proved interesting to the Bates students; the other is in *The Owl*. Two chapters are given in the May number. Chap. II. "In which is Considered the Question whether or not the Spiritistic Phenomena can be Attributed to the Good Angels." Chap. III. "In which is Considered the Question whether or not the Spiristic Phenomena Can and Must be Attributed to the Devil." The story is to be continued.

The *Archangel* comes very regularly and is not one of the cleanest or most interesting sheets. However, its influence must be good, as the article quoted below will show. We give it, punctuation and all:—

MEMORIES OF MAY.

May flowers are the most beautiful of flowers. They are in bloom on the first of May. The Blessed Virgin is the mother of all Christians and the mother of the Infant Jesus, She is the purest of all virgins, and that was why she was chosen to be the mother of Our Saviour. All Christians ought to go and pray to her and make offerings to her in her month. The reason why the may flowers are so beautiful and fragrant is because they grow in the month of Mary. In May the people have picnics they crown their May queen, and have a very nice time. Afterwards they all go home, satisfied with their days journey and go to bed; but before going to bed they ought thank God for having let them have such a pleasant time during the day. The next morning they rise refreshed and do their day's work. Some go to their stores, while the women do their housework cheerfully.

They want five thousand subscribers. Perhaps they will get them.

There is a pathetic piece, entitled "The Prisoner's Confession," in the *Virginia University Magazine*. The prisoner was plunged by one step to the depths of crime. He was twenty-two years old, had entered business and yet was rapidly rising in his profession. Agnes comes along. What poet could do her justice! Eyes in which deep meaning lies (she was a coquette). Her form vanishes, "And lo! I see a man grown grave." Became intimate.

"Yes" was read in her eyes. Jealousy. Sees an arm around her waist, draws an immense cutlass,—stabs him. "Oh, God! he is my brother." Lifeless corpse. All the parents die in a year. Moral.—Reflect. "Look before you leap;" "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

"The Confessions of a Sarcastic Man," in the *Williams Athenæum*, has no such tragic end. The writer merely wishes to immortalize himself by his confessions as did De Quincey. May his wish be realized! He deserves it.

The *College Journal* wishes to exchange. The first article is

THE RUINS OF THEBES.

FROM A LECTURE BY PROF. DE SCHWEINITZ.

Thebes, or Taape, or Taouab, as it was called by the Egyptians, lies in the broadest section of the valley of the Nile, at a latitude of about twenty-six degrees North.

It was formerly the capital of Upper (or Southern) Egypt. The ruins of this great city, which are the most extensive in the country, comprise nine townships or villages.

The ancient city was situated on both sides of the Nile, without being connected, as far as we know, by a bridge.

The breadth of the river at this place varies between 1400 and 1600 yards.

How such a knowledge of geography would delight our classical instructors!

The paper speaks highly of a proposed literary convention of all the societies in Alleghany county. Great hopes are entertained of its success, and "we may yet live to see an organization that will produce presidents, generals, and statesmen without number for our country."

The *Advocate* and *Magenta* have, as usual, much good poetry, and some rather interesting short prose pieces. If the *Record* editor were to read over the Harvard papers for the last month, he would find that, with the exception of poetry, literary pieces are few and short. On this account the writers may have more time to be "more polished." There is a very good and just criticism of the *Record* in the *University Monthly*. As it may have escaped their notice, it is quoted here:

"The *Yale Record* evidently has on hand a large amount of surplus sarcasm which it is but too happy to dispose of appropriately or inappropriately, judging from its late 'exhaustive and searching' criticism upon the *Monthly*. We will do the *Record* the justice, however, to say that 'Notes from Exchanges' is the only part of the sheet that amounts to anything. Some excellent things appear now and then in this column, although it is too frequently marred by discourteous attempts at sarcasm. Indeed, a want of modesty, courtesy, and the various other journalistic virtues are some of the defects of the *Record*."

The *Oberlin Review* is an unpleasant-looking, unpleasant-feeling paper, devoted to religious instruction, Latin poetry and college advertisements.

The *Magenta* has, in consequence of the change of Harvard's color, changed its name, and now appears as the *Crimson*. "The Athenian Hippodrome," is an article giving a description, after the manner of Mark Twain's play bill for the Colosseum, of a little scene at the "Theatre of Dionysius" in 43d street. It seems in the main rather flat, though occasionally there is a little streak of humor.

One of the exchanges suggests "George Sands defines love as an internal transport. The same definition would apply to a canal boat."

The *Lafayette Monthly* contains a poem, "Variety is the Spice of Life." A good little boy gets a gingerbread horse; what becomes of it can be seen in the last two verses and the moral below:

"Alas, that our duty compels us to tell
What further occur'd in this wicked disaster:
The good little boy was unburdened, pell-mell,
And the horse was borne off by bad Jimmy Dundaster.

The good little boy wandered home, unconsol'd,
His apron and tucker were dirtied with weeping,
While in the next alley sat Jimmy, the bold,
Contentedly munching the fruit of his reaping.

MORAL.

In this Gyasticutus-ozoican age—
In these wrangling times,
When talent lies dormant and fashion's the rage,
These tangling rhymes
May gain approbation or merit contempt,
From polish or prejudice may be exempt;
But who cares for critics or scoffers or those
That hold the head lofty or turn up the nose!
If aught there may be that this story contains
Will not be approv'd by fastidious brains,
The *truth* is not alter'd; there still are some Jims
Who, though they know better, are not Cherubim(s).
The *good* little boys are not always rewarded,
And sometimes the *bad* boys are prone to be sordid."

An article in the same number, on "The Historic Christ," forms quite a contrast.

Edgar A. Poe seems to be receiving a good deal of attention from college journals. The *Cornell Era* thinks him worth five columns, and three or four other papers discuss him at length. The *Asbury Review* is from Greencastle, Indiana. "The Voyage—The Chart," follows "The Return of Spring." The author of the Voyage says:

"Ask what is human life—the sage replies,
With disappointment low'ring in his eyes,
A painful passage on a restless flood,
A vain pursuit of fugitive false good,
A sense of fancied bliss and heart-felt care
Closing at last in darkness and despair."

I differ somewhat with the poet. Although life is 'a painful passage o'er a restless flood,' yet it need not end in 'darkness and despair;' for there is an unerring chart, when adopted, that will guide every bark to the haven of sunshine and rejoicing."

Which is a little less patronizing than the gentleman in the *University Herald*, who says: "Thackeray occasionally wrote a good thing." J. H. M.

YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

Supplement to]

MAY, 1875.

[XL.

NOTICE.

Fifty cents will be paid at Gulliver's for any of the following numbers of the LIT.: Vol. IV, No. 6. Vol. XIX, No. 2. Vol. XXV, No. 3. Vol. XXIX, No. 8. Vol. XXX, Nos. 1, 2, 3. Vol. XXXIV, No. 3. Vol. XXXV, Nos. 1, 6. Vol. XXXVII, No. 2.

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Redcliffe has enlarged his old quarters, and has now one of the largest and best appointed eating establishments in the State. Any one in search of good treatment should not fail to give him a call.

George Brown has had long experience in getting up society badges, and no one ever complains of the quality of his work.

E. G. Northrop, of Hartford, has as fine a line of goods as is to be found in the State. It will well repay anyone for the trouble of going thirty-six miles to learn his price for a first class suit.

Addison T. Hall's livery stable is the place to get a good team, and is right at hand when you are at the Post.

Austin Alling's patrons will find that he still keeps up his old practice of giving his patrons the best treatment in his power.

While Crofut & Co. continue to sell hats, there is no excuse for any one to be behind the style. Just go in and examine their stock.

G. W. Maltby & Co., on Orange street, are prepared to give the best fits at the most reasonable prices.

Oliver Abel succeeds to the proprietorship of the "Quiet House." Old patrons will find that this favorite resort has lost nothing from the change.

Hurle, the "University Tailor," is just over the way. If you want to get a stylish, well made summer suit, don't fail to call on him.

Of the New Haven House we cannot speak too highly. Its management is simply first class,

Notman's is always satisfactory. Be sure and examine his work before going elsewhere.

Thill, at his store in the New Haven House buildings, turns out as good work as can be found in the country.

Max Thalheimer's enlarged rooms on Temple street are a convenient and pleasant place for those in search of refreshment.

For a magnificent quality of goods call on Benjamin & Ford. Everything connected with their business is attended to in the most perfect manner.

Kraft Bros. have obtained a most enviable reputation of giving the best clothes for the least money.

The Yale Dining Rooms satisfy a long felt need by affording a convenient and cheap boarding place for students. The proprietors deserve the hearty support of the college.

M. H. Teator is a friend indeed in these times of shortsightedness. The best quality of eye glasses and optical instruments of all kinds are constantly on hand.

Lockwood has excellent facilities for getting up spreads and suppers. All his customers go away only to return again.

Ed. P. Merwin, just by the Post Office, believes in making every customer a living advertisement of the excellence of his work.

Brooks & Co. are always even with the style. A call on them will be sure to give you satisfaction.

Henry Prouse Cooper has a high reputation both in London and in New York as a first class tailor. Students in New York will find it greatly to their interest to give him a call.

C. A. Möller does his best to satisfy the longings of the inner man at his place in Crown street.

E. & A. Hills are well known by the college. Their "Homestead," West Haven, is a delightfully pleasant place to cool off these hot days.

"Billy" Brown's is the most handy place to get your cigars when on the way to the post office.

The lovers of billiards can have full satisfaction by stopping in at the Music Hall Billiard Rooms.

J. REDCLIFFE,

Having enlarged his premises, wishes to inform his patrons that special attention will be given to the

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